The Ladies' Paradise (Finance of Fashion), page 888.

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CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

The Coming Accouchement of the Kaiser's Daughter.

Interesting Event which will end the Guelph-Hohenzollern Feud for ever.

The *Daily Mail* announces, with a portrait, the coming *accouchement* of the Duchess of Brunswick, the only daughter of the German Emperor. The *Daily Mail* is, however, rather belated, as *Modern Life* announced the interesting event nearly three months ago. In our issue for October 25 we stated, "In reference to the rapprochement of the Hohenzollerns and the Duke of Cumberland's family, the happy event will eventuate shortly, in any case, as the Emperor's daughter is in an interesting condition, so the Kaiser and the British Duke with whom he has been at enmity for forty years are shortly to become the grandparents of the same child." We may add, that in spite of all the bother about the right title for the lady's husband, Prince Ernest of Cumberland, when he took over the Duchy of Brunswick some months ago, the child about to be born is certain, if it is a boy, and lives long enough, to be "King of Hanover." Strange to say, he will be the only direct male descendant of all our own Hanoverian monarchs. All the others are the descendants of Queen Victoria.

* * *

Swedish Monarch's Incognito Visit.

The late Queen Sophia of Sweden was not well-known in this country, but the writer once encountered Her Majesty on British soil. It was at Oxford, some fifteen years ago. Emerging from the gateway of Merton College, the writer stepped back from the small wicket to allow a very tall and handsome old gentleman to enter. Following him was a tall and pretty woman with wavy grey hair, and a smiling and rosy face. As they passed, the hall-porter whispered to me, "The King and Queen of Sweden." The old couple were doing a little tour of the colleges "on their own," and their visit to Oxford is one of their late Majesties' unchronicled excursions into the heart of England. Old King Oscar was very devoted to his wife, and used to write pretty verses in her honour even in his old age.

* * *

Our Four Queens begin the New Year in Mourning.

The Royalties begin the New Year in mourning for Queen Sophie, though, as she was but distantly related to our Royal Family, the crêpe bands will not make any material difference to the Court. For foreign monarchs who are of the British Royal House mourning lasts three months, and means black at the Court.

This is usually a disaster for the Court costumiers, for most of the habitues of the Court possess black dresses ready to be worn at any time the Court is thrown into mourning. Prince Arthur's visit to his sister in S... has been delayed by the funeral obsequies of the late Q... of Sweden. He will shortly go to Norway, with Pr... Arthur, to pay his long-promised visit to Queen Mau... bride's aunt. Prince Arthur's sister Margaret is ... Princess of Sweden, so that ere long there is every p... bility of both Norway and Sweden having English Qu...

* * *

The Tree Family at Belvoir Castle.

As we have before noted, the Rutland family are ... little pleased at the Duke and Duchess's affection for ... Trees, and, in consequence, only the Duke's own ... were invited to Belvoir Castle for Christmas. Lord Ro... and Lady Robert Manners Christmassed at the seaside ... Lord Cecil Manners stayed away from the family roof ... Sir Herbert and Lady Tree took both their daughters ... their son-in-law, Mr. Parsons, to Belvoir to Christmas ... the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and amateur theat... were indulged in, to the great delight of Lady Diana ... the Marquess of Granby, the heir. The Duke's ... daughter, the Marchioness of Anglesey, also stayed ...

By the way, they never discovered the fellow who p... trated that absurd practical joke on Lord Cecil some mo... ago, when his Lordship was announced to have be... betrothed to a "Miss Brewster." The *Daily Mail* ... compelled to re-apologise for inserting the statement ... months after. The delay was owing to the hope that ... perpetrator would be discovered, but he had been too s... No such lady exists as "Miss Nora Praed Brewster." ... Cecil's annoyance is natural enough, as he received hun... of congratulations on the approaching marriage, and ... is now forty-six years old, and has not so far embarke... the troubled sea of matrimony, he is despaired of by ... materfamilias. He is a half-brother of the Duke, w... over sixty, and very white-haired. Lord Cecil under ... late Duke's will came into an annuity of £200 a year.

* * *

The Manners's Love of Theatricals.

Miss Maxine Elliott was also amongst the thea... guests at Belvoir, and Lord Granby and Lady Diana ... real good time. There was plenty of Tangoing, too, in ... ballroom, and nobody at Belvoir makes a song about ... alleged "immorality" of the new dance. Last year Chri... mas at Belvoir was spoilt somewhat by the weather. ... afternoon fancy-dress dance for young people having ... all but abandoned, the foul weather preventing the chi... setting out for the castle. Since Christmas the Du... Rutland has, we regret to say, fallen ill, and he ... last been prevailed upon to come to London and put up ... nursing home until he has recovered. Incidentally it ... be added that the Manners's fondness for theatrical s... is hereditary, and one Duke of Rutland used to encou... theatricals and balloonists at Dublin when he was Vi... there. One day one of the aeronauts declined to fulf... engagement and a boy of fifteen offered to do the ... The Duke was so delighted with him for saving the e... tainment that he knighted the lad on the spot!

* * *

A Black Beginning for King Manoel and Queen Augus... Victoria.

The Manoelists at Richmond, of course, begin the ... Year in the deepest mourning, on account of the dea... old Princess Leopold of Hohenzollern, who was a P... guese Infanta, and was responsible for arranging the ... between King Manoel and his Hohenzollern bride. ... Augusta Victoria's father is the eldest surviving son of ... late Princess Leopold, who was the widow of that P... Leopold who was the innocent cause of the Franco-Prus... war. In the year 1870, the throne of Spain was dec... vacant, and there was a hunt round Europe for a new ... Eventually the Spanish crown was offered to Prince Leo... of Hohenzollern, and, with the assent of the then Ge... Emperor, he accepted the offer.

The French were at once in arms, it being too much ... them to be menaced on the south as well as on the ... and north by German influence, and Napoleon III. dema... that the nomination be cancelled. This was done, but ... French people were so indignant that they further dema... of Germany that she refrain from nominating any ... German prince for the vacant throne. Germany could ... take this lying down, and hence the war which proved ... disastrous for France. By the way, nothing ever seem... go right with poor King Manoel, and when he and his Q... arrived at Dover on their way to Prussia, the weather ... so foul that they could not embark and had to put ...

Cowboy Jim: "Say, stranger—shake!"
The Stranger: "I am."

the night at an hotel. Let us hope the New Year portents will be happily belied!

* * *

No more Actors to be Knighted.

As a rule the New Year's Honours list is a source of considerable speculation in the Press, and the clever ones naturally like to be in with their "exclusives." But it is never wise to prophesy unless you know, so this year the prophecies were almost *nil*. The only promotion was the *Daily Sketch's* nomination of Mr. Sydney Buxton for a peerage. Under the quaint headline, "Kicked Upstairs," the Shoe Lane daily said: "Mr. Sydney Buxton is going from the Board of Trade to the House of Lords. The New Year's Honours list will corroborate this!" But it didn't. The only successful forecast for this year's list was *Modern Life's*. When Mr. Cyril Maude was summoned to Balmoral and was being kidded by a certain silly weekly on his forthcoming knighthood, we stated: "Mr. Maude's admirers will be hurt when they learn that their hero is not to be 'dubbed' for another five years. Nor, in fact, will any other actor. The secret about Mr. Maude's deferred knighthood is not a personal one. It happened when Mr. Forbes-Robertson's name was placed before His Majesty for knighthood. The King enquired how many actors had been knighted. On their names being given by Lord Knollys, His Majesty agreed with the suggestion that Mr. Forbes-Robertson's retirement could not be allowed to pass unnoticed by the Sovereign, but that his should be the last theatrical name to figure in the dubbings for several years. So 'Sir Cyril Maude' is something pretty we must wait for. It will be the more valued when it comes!"

* * *

The "Splendid Audacity!" of "Bunty."

And so it has proved. And what we said about the average leader-writer's attitude to honours lists has also been entirely justified, for without an actor or a playwright in the list the leader-writers were left water-logged for anything interesting to say upon the list. Not till the year 1918 will another actor appear amongst those whom His Majesty delighteth to honour. Meanwhile, the man who had the "splendid audacity" to put up "Bunty" for an afternoon matinee (when Sir Herbert Tree had turned it down as worthless), and made a fortune out of it, is having a roaring time in America, where he had not been seen for twenty-nine years. It may be very mortifying to the inspirer of the Playhouse that he cannot begin his American old age as "Sir Cyril Maude"—especially as he is the only actor connected with the old nobility of Britain—but he will probably follow the precedents of Irving and Forbes-Robertson, and make more money by a few annual tours in America than he has made all the rest of his life. Anyway, we wish him the best of luck in 1914.

* * *

Hail, Clement!

We don't ladle out flattery in these columns, but a word of commendation is sometimes well won. Mr. Clement Shorter has just won one. He has protested in the Press against a public collection being made in order to hand over several thousands of pounds to an art dealer "on the make" for a bundle of letters of the late Robert Browning. All the letters have been published in book form, and anyone can have them for four shillings. But Sir Frederick Kenyon, who is in charge of this department at the British Museum, wants them as curiosities, and as the Museum has no money to purchase them, he suggests going to the public. We add our emphatic protest to Mr. Clement Shorter's. In the latter's own words, "To either make a collection of £6,000 or £7,000 for these particular letters would, I consider, be a gross misuse of public generosity, and were a single sixpence of the funds at the disposal of the British Museum to be expended to supplement such a collection, this would be a grievous misuse of public money."

* * *

Making a Business of One's own Love Letters.

Of course, the truth of the whole thing is that Mr. Sabin is out to make a handsome profit on the deal, and knows he has the backing of Sir Frederick Kenyon if only there are a sufficient number of people with more money than

AFTER THE DEBATE.

"I'll have damages! Mark my words."
"I think, old sport, when you come to look in the glass you'll find you've got 'em."

sense to help along the required "Fund." In such a wealthy country as this, nothing is impossible. The public does not care a rap for Browning's letters to his wife, and they should have been destroyed long ago. So far from that being done, the poet actually left them to his son with injunctions that they were to be published. This is what might be called making a business of one's own love affairs, and strikes us as doing Browning no credit. There cannot be much romance about a love-letter in which every word is studied by the writer because some day it will be public property, and an asset to the posterity of the resulting marriage.

A precisely similar occurrence to the effort to work up a public demand for Browning's manuscript letters was that of Sir Charles Holroyd, Keeper of the National Gallery, who tried to get the British public to subscribe the ridiculous sum of £100,000 to keep Rembrandt's small picture, "The Mill," in this country, when Lord Lansdowne sold it to an American millionaire for a hundred times its real value! Fortunately the public had not forgotten the Duke of Norfolk's deal over the "Duchess of Milan," when the British Government were induced to subscribe £10,000 towards buying the picture for £61,000 for this country. We shall keep a sharp eye on Sir Frederick Kenyon and Mr. Sabin.

* * *

Some 1914 Comings of Age.

During 1914 only one peer comes of age. This is the Earl of Airlie (a subaltern in the 10th Hussars, and son of that ideal beau sabreur who fell at Diamond Hill in June, 1900, while gallantly leading his regiment, the 12th Lancers, in a victorious charge), who will be twenty-one on July 18th. Three baronets attain their majority: Sir Miles Stapleton, of Grey's Court, Henley-on-Thames, on May 26th; Sir Thomas Reedham Berney, on July 6th; and Sir Gerald Burke, on November 17th. The latter succeeded as seventh baronet last month, on the death of his father, Sir Thomas Burke, who died at Cowfold, Sussex. The Burkes, of Marble Hall, Galway, are a branch of the family of which Lord Clanricarde is head—a member of the De Burgh family having changed name from De Burgh to Burke. These Burkes among the staunchest adherents of James II., and head of the family was taken prisoner at the Battle Aughrim. He was outlawed and attainted, and was one Ireland's "wild geese"—forced to take service abr under a foreign King.

Sir Thomas Berney is the tenth baronet of a creat of James I., and head of an ancient family claiming be of Saxon or Norse origin. However this may be, Berneys were people of importance in the time of Edw II. They originally held considerable property in eastern counties, and took their name from the village Barney, in Norfolk. One married the heiress of Will de Reedham, and established the family at Reedh Norfolk, where a descendant erected a magnific mansion. Then Barton Bendish, near Downham Mark became the family place. Barton Bendish, a fine house, formerly belonged to the Hare family, from w it passed, by purchase, to the Berneys, in Charles time. The present young baronet resides at Winkf Row, Berkshire.

Interest, however, will centre on Sir Miles Staple the hero of a romantic marriage. On December 6th, 19 at Brondesbury, he married Miss Doris Ludford, daug of a Great Western Railway official, and grand-daug of a retired Swansea pilot, but the match was not m public until six months later, and then was revealed interesting love-story. Lady Stapleton, who was only seventeen, was on the stage. She had appeared "The Schoolgirl" and "The Arcadians," and Sir M whom she met while he was at school, near Read married her on her return to London after a provinc tour. Sir Miles, who is the ninth baronet, succeeded the title in 1899, and owns about 2,000 acres.

Some people think that "clothes make the man." No bit of it. Some men, even with Adam's lack of finery, wo wear their whiskers with distinction.

MORE OR LESS.

Darby and Joan.

At last the sentimentalists have had their way, and the aged workhouse Darby and Joan may spend the twilight of life together—if they will. Ay, there's the rub. But nine out of ten of the old married couples are happier apart. They bear so many scars of the matrimonial wars that they prefer to call a truce and live the semi-detached life favoured by people moving in a station of life far removed from their own. One really can't blame the old people. At sixty the rose of romance has faded and poverty does not know how to make *pot-pourri* out of the leaves. A tête-à-tête over a charity teapot possesses quite understandingly less charm to them than the cheerfulness of the bustling ward and unlimited gossip with the other dwellers within the workhouse gates. The sentimentalist may shed a tear at hearing this; but let the sentimentalist go and starve and feel the cold eat into the very marrow of his bones and then see if he can feel a single heart-beat as he gazes at his mate's wrinkles. Workhouses are not love-temples—they are merely half-way houses to the grave. As a matter of fact it is a disgrace to a country like ours that there should be workhouses at all. It should be made possible by an efficient government for every man and woman to find work. Then, when the time comes when the most hardy labourer or labourers can toil no more, let them seek a kindly rest-house for which, in their time, they have helped to pay. But let it be a *rest house*, not a workhouse, where the soul and body are both alike degraded by an ugly uniform, countless rules, and an existence which for monotony and general gloom can claim kinship with that led by a convict in a prison cell.

* * *

The Cheerful Cinema.

La Gioconda has returned to Paris, and I am now looking in the papers to find the statement that although she has found herself she has lost her smile. Only sixty people visited her on the occasion of her first public re-appearance. Surely the lady has every right to be annoyed. Of what use to be a beauty, immortalised by age, a painter, and a sensation, if one's drawing power is less than that possessed by the average cinema show. Talking about cinemas, the other night I was induced to spend sixpence and an hour at one of these houses of cheap entertainment. For this I was privileged to see two murders, a motor accident, a man weeping first over his wife's death-bed, then upon her grave, the ruin of a deserving family by speculation, the complete illness and death of a little girl (although after one's feelings had been sufficiently harrowed she suddenly came to life again), and one or two other cheerful little pictures, the subjects of which I have forgotten. A poster outside the theatre-door displayed a man being hanged, but I think I must have missed that. Next time I have sixpence to spare, instead of going to a cinema I shall buy one of Charles Garvice's books.

Neverwork (to kindly disposed gentleman): "Wot's the good of working. Everything's monopolised. Why, 'ere's this chap doing the work of three men and can't get a living."

Fair Lady: "Shall you go to Lady Mannington's ball?"

Dark Lady: "No fear! There's sure to be a great crowd, and if you want anything to eat you'll have to wrestle for it."

Fair Lady: "Snatch-as-snatch-can, I suppose!"

* * *

A La Carte.

We are well on into the New Year now, and the smile is beginning to wear off the tradesmen's faces. Envelopes with snakes inside in the form of bills and enchanting circulars of bargain sales bring every house-wife out of the Eden of contentment. Every woman loves a sale. We bargain for everything except hearts. The most economical woman is a spendthrift where her affections are concerned. She will haggle with a cabman over threepence and go all over London to get a farthing off a yard of lace, but she will pave a rough road with roses for the man she loves and spend herself in his service unquestioningly. Love is the most exacting taskmaster there is. The wise woman, of course, even if she gives her lips, will sell the rest, but the wisest woman is a fool where one man is concerned. It does not seem fair really that we should be charged such a lot on the Bill of Life for Love. Love to women is a necessity and necessities should be cheap, for, after all, we cannot live by bread alone. But love to man being what it is, a sort of supplement to the *table-d'hôte* of his life, should be charged for accordingly. Most men look upon matrimony as the regular soup, joint, and sweet of every-day existence. That is why so many of them prefer love *à la carte*.

LOUISE HEILGERS.

MODERN LIFE IN PARIS.

The Return of Lisa.

It was only natural that I should hasten to avail myself of the privilege of being an inhabitant of the Gay City, and to be among the first who came to welcome and pay homage to Lisá of the Eternal smile. For a couple of days only Lisá tried to turn her smile and her beauty into a source of revenue. I do not blame her for it. Less beautiful and less famous ladies have made men pay cash for their respective smiles, and many of them have realised, and still continue to realise, even bigger profits than did Monna Lisa at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. Had La Gioconda claimed as her home some picture-gallery in London or in New York, I am sure that Englishmen and Americans, with their innate gallantry and generosity, would have spent fortunes and heaped treasures at her invisible feet. Crowds of City men would have hastened to pay fabulous entrance-fees for a glimpse of her shapely hands, or a ray of her sunny smile! Not so in Paris. The Parisian loves beauty, but he wants it *à l'oeil!* Besides, sooner than pay five francs—or even one franc—for the eternal smile of the wife of Francisco del Gioconda, he prefers to enjoy the fickle but more material favours of a charming *midinette*—whose smile is not more expensive than that of the great Italian lady. And thus, whilst only few Parisians were ready to pay cash for the smile of Leonardo da Vinci's model—a crowd of thirty thousand people thronged the Louvre last Sunday, pretending to have come with pure artistic intentions! From conversations, however, which I overheard, I gathered that many had come simply to cavil and to criticise. Would you believe it? There were many who actually doubted the identity of the lady. In order to be sure of it—I mean of the identity of la Gioconda—one has to inspect her very closely, turn her back, so to say, and scrutinise it. Such a privilege, however, was only granted to a few intimate friends, whilst the crowds of ordinary mortals have to listen, look and believe; and as the Parisian is naturally sceptically inclined, I met many visitors on Sunday who left the Louvre with the superior smile of disbelief on their lips. And as for Lisa herself—was it my fancy?—but methought that her smile had grown sadder and more melancholy. Who knows? She is no doubt disappointed and disgusted, for, like many a beautiful woman, she has now learned how incredulous and ungenerous ardent admirers can be.

* * *

Scarcity of Love-Letters. Practical and Prudent Don Juans.

Believe me, my dear friends, I have been wavering for a long time before I at last made up my mind to write the following lines and to give you a bit of advice which, with all due respect to Mrs. Grundy, the bishops, and your *own* morals, may prove useful to some of you! No offence meant, I assure you. In olden days, when Paris still deserved its epithet of modern Babylon, men, I am ashamed to say, used to consider the Gay City as the Eden of Love. Adam could sin and then brutally and cruelly leave Eve to pay the penalty. The latter had no claim upon him, except that allowed her by his generosity; and the law was on the side of Adam. *La recherche de la paternité* was not allowed, and the abandoned woman, not legally married, had to shift for herself and for her child as best she could. The revolver and vitriol were her only weapons. Luckily, however,—I said "luckily," for I am after all an old-fashioned and moral individual—times have changed, and the law now consents to offer its protecting wing to the poor seduced and abandoned *fille-mère*. The lover is compelled to pay for the maintenance of the child he has brought into the world, as soon as his victim can prove her case in writing. It is usually the love-letters, which the ardent and passionate admirers did not grudge in the heyday of passion, that serve the lady's purpose. And now they tell me, at the *Palais de Justice*, that prudent and practical Don Juans are becoming more circumspect in their love-letters; they avoid committing themselves in writing.

* * *

Juliette de Morlanges and Her Loving Parents.

Talking of family matters, I must tell you of a very interesting case upon which the Court is expected to give its decision in a couple of days. Once upon a time—as far back as last century; to be exact, in 1877—there lived a pretty shop-assistant by name of Mlle. Martial. She listened to the voice of the Serpent, who appeared un[der] her in the shape of man, the deceiver. The result w[as] that on May 1st, 1878, Mlle. Martial registered, at th[e] *Mairie* of her *quartier*, the birth of her little girl, nam[ed] Henriette, *de père inconnu;* the latter, by the way, [is] said to have committed suicide since. Little Henriet[te] was brought up by her hard-working mother as a goo[d] and dutiful child. But, alas, as soon as she came of ag[e] this child of love decided to live her own life, and to ma[ke] her mark. Under the aristocratic name of Juliette d[e] Morlanges, she joined the corporation of *ces dames*, a[nd] soon became one of the shining stars in the half-world. Fortune smiled upon her, and she accumulated not on[ly] glory but also wealth, for when she was suddenly snatche[d] away in the midst of her activities by a merciless death she left her luxurious furniture and also a snug little sum in cash of about £30,000. Her mother, who, in spite of everything, remained on friendly terms with her daughter, [is] now came forward to claim the inheritance of [the] deceased. But lo! a gentleman named Mérouze, whose conscience suddenly smote him, and who—growing old—evidently wishes to make his peace with Heaven, emerges from his obscurity and declares *urbi et orbi* that dear Juliette de Morlanges was his own beloved child. He is sorry to be a little tardy in the demonstration of his paternal affections, but it is never too late to mend! And if he no longer can clasp pretty Henriette (or Juliette) to his paternal bosom, he should at least be allowed the poor consolation of grasping a portion of her inheritance. Mlle. Martial, the mother, however, pretends that she had never in her life set eyes upon M. Mérouze. The Court will decide in this battle between two loving parents!

* * *

In Search of the Absolute.

Paris, the centre of atheism, materialism and many other isms, counts—paradoxical as it may sound—many fervent Catholics among her men and women of letters. One of these fervent believers recently had the good fortune to take into dinner a charming authoress, who has very little religion; in fact, she is a notorious pagan. The gentleman thought this a good opportunity for some saving, and did his best to convert the charming disbeliever. The sceptical lady, however, proved a match, and the arguments of the cavalier were of no avail. Growing impatient at last, and nettled at the superior smile of the opponent, the gentleman exclaimed:—"But, *ma chère dame*, where, after all, *do* you place your absolute?" to which question the lady is said to have replied, smilingly: "Young man, you are impertinent!"

* * *

Dramatist and Manager.

There is a good story being told about an unlucky dramatist, whose sacrifices with a view to propitiating the manager of a theatre proved futile. It happened thus: The divorced wife of the manager and the talented dramatist were on very friendly and even intimate terms. This, of course, the ex-husband did not mind—indeed, he had no business to mind it. What he did object to, however, was the fact that he was still under the obligation of paying 8,000 francs a year to his former spouse. Now, one day the dramatist offered a play to the manager. "Of all the cheek," muttered the ex-husband of the lady; and then, his face illumined by a Machiavellian smile, he sat down and penned the following reply: "On the day on which you give your name to my former wife, and thus dispense me from having to pay her the annual sum of 8,000 francs, I shall produce your play." All arguments were in vain; the manager remained obdurate! If Paris was worth *une messe* to Henri IV., the production of a play is worth a ceremony at the *Mairie* to an ambitious playwright. The dramatist took the plunge and made the *Amie* his lawful spouse. Ten more 8,000 francs for the lucky manager. If the ex-husband, however, was rubbing his hands, full of satisfaction, his successor in the affections of Madame was also happy in his expectations. But, alas, the theatre suddenly changed hands, and its former *directeur* went to manage another house which produces plays quite different in their glare from those in which the talent of the unlucky dramatist manifests itself. Et voila! Moral: Dramatists beware of putting your trust in managers!

ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Does it not come within the province of the society which looks after the welfare of animals, to see that cruelty does not occur to the dumb creatures which form so important a part of Antarctic expeditions? To speak plainly, on recent expeditions gross cruelty was inflicted on both ponies and dogs, and had the offences occurred in this country those concerned would have been smartly punished, and very rightly too.

* * *

It is all very well for members of Arctic and Antarctic exploration expeditions to talk so glibly about the sacred cause of "geographical science," but they are decidedly more alive to the honours and profits of a "successful" expedition, though they will be horrified at the suggestion.

* *

They have a right, if it pleases them, to run risks themselves, but let them refrain from sacrificing dumb creatures. Many people were disgusted at Amundsen's calous description of the slaughter of dogs for which he had no further use—for the feeding of others, and it is far from pleasing to read that in the proposed Shackleton expedition the dogs are to subsist on their companions!

* *

What, it may be asked, is to be gained by these expeditions? Even Shackleton himself does not know; he thinks they "may gain some experiences of value to scientists." If this is all, as it is in fact, the people likely to subscribe towards the cost of the expedition would do well to devote their money to a better purpose. The hideous icy solitudes are utterly valueless, and it is merely wasting life and money to explore them.

* *

Now that the first enthusiasm over what practically amounts to foolhardiness has worn off, there is a feeling that all connected with the Scott expedition have done very well out of it, particularly the dependants of those who lost their lives. These have been provided for most handsomely, for the public is generous and large-hearted, but now whispers may be heard to the effect that men in the position of breadwinners should not run such risks.

* *

A prominent public man the other day pertinently animadverted on the subject, and when his audience cordially agreed with his views, and suggested that his remarks should be made public, he was quite horrified, saying he should have all the press about his ears. Even the frankly outspoken "Londoner" of the *Evening News* is very diffident when enquiring as to the use of the Antarctic regions. But he would have pleased many had he let himself go in his best style.

* * *

The little Irish peer is unwise in creating ideals, for there is invariably a painful sequel. Disillusionment always follows, and thoughts, when one realises that the girl placed on a pedestal is far from being a credit to her sex, are not pleasant. But the man in love sees through rose-coloured glasses and is ever deaf to well-meant hints of kindly friends.

FASHIONS FOR THE SMART SET.
The Tango Coiffure.

A contemporary prints a lot of nonsense about Captain Dermot McCalmont, the owner of The Tetrarch. He will not, it is asserted, allow any photographer to "pose" the horse, because of his experience with his brilliant two-year-old Seaforth, and that the only photographs of his curiously marked animal, The Tetrarch, are merely snapshots. But in a well-known photographic establishment in the Strand, next door to King's College, there may be seen a photograph of the magnificent animal which was certainly not snapshotted.

* * *

Who is the "nut" who has tea in the company of a lady, in various restaurants, in a top hat. How many times have waiters offered to help him remove it? And is it true that he is being paid a big salary by a leading firm of hatters to advertise their latest designs in headgear?

* *

Was not the little circle of men friends, collected together for a convivial evening by a certain public man whilst his wife was ill in bed with influenza, rather surprised at the sudden advent of the lady in the dining-room, attired in her "little pink pyjamas" and minus her luxuriant tresses? Was the surprise diminished when she snatched a bottle of brandy off the sideboard? And what is the exact nature of the lady's complaint? It seems a curious phase of influenza.

* *

Who was the lady at the wedding reception at the Waldorf on Thursday who would insist on talking French to everyone around her? And wouldn't Yiddish have suited her better?

* *

What was the exact sum the husband of a well-known leading lady received from one of our foremost dukes at the birth of her son? And is not the said husband secretly hoping for another similar "windfall"?

* *

Wasn't it rather unfortunate for a certain captain in the mercantile service who talked a great deal about his membership at the Sports Club, that a young lady should have tried to speak to him on the telephone there? Was she really as surprised as she pretended to be when told there was no one by the name of Capt. —— belonging to the club? And wasn't it rather cruel of her to tell him about it before five or six other men?

* * *

That the lady detective who has been resting for the past six months within easy distance of a famous watering-place has not really been holiday-making all the time? That she has managed to collect some very interesting information during her vacation? And that members of the political circle will "sit up" a bit upon her return if she chooses to make use of her discoveries?

* * *

Who is the strange-looking individual in the small seaside town who calls herself "Lady Somerset"? Isn't the local appellation of "Fly-by-night" more appropriate?" And has anyone brought it to the notice of the Somerset family?

THE FINANCE OF FASHION.

"How much should a woman spend on dress?" Question as old as Society itself, and one that the French, lovers of logical solutions, have endeavoured to determine by legal enactment, based on the rent paid by the husband. A curious method of solving what is really an elusive, variable psychological problem. Never has woman failed to claim the maximum—and even something over—when seeking her ideal in dress, which should be the mysterious expression of her personality. The solution of such a problem demands the utmost delicacy and discernment, not only on the part of anxious husbands and fathers, but also by the swagger dressmakers of London and Paris, to whom it is of vital importance. For they have constantly to ask themselves: How much credit can we extend with safety? On the tactful decision of the Chief depends the success of the House. For errors are dangerous!

* * *

The Ladies' Paradise.

Probably very few people reflect on the importance and vast extent of those *industries de luxe* which are connected with Fashion and the "creation" of feminine attire in all its varied forms. Within that luxurious area which is bounded by Piccadilly, Park Lane, Oxford Street and Regent Street may be found all those famous dressmakers' and milliners' establishments whose productions delight the belles of the entire world. What delicious mornings and afternoons are spent by wealthy, idle women in the exploration of that Ladies' Paradise, of which Bond Street is the centre. Vanity Fair *in excelsis*, sacred to the adornment of Beauty. There the exhibition of the most costly sumptuary marvels is on a generous scale, calculated to exercise on the fair visitors a veritable fascination, and even to excite their envy. For the richest see so much they can never hope to buy. There is one outstanding feature about these super-luxurious establishments—they seldom *dress* their windows in emulation of the palaces of Fashion that monopolise Oxford and Regent Streets. Indeed, there are certain exceptional "models" which are not even revealed inside, except to the lucky woman for whom they have been specially designed, or to the privileged eyes of Royalty. For there are spies in the Land of Fashion, and abnormal vigilance is necessary to prevent the pirating of designs which have cost such immense effort and expense to evolve. Strolling through Dover Street, Bond Street, Grafton Street, and the adjacent thoroughfares, you see famous firms, with which you are, of course, familiar. Elegance is the dominant note in all of them. Piquant detail; the less a dressmaker's establishment resembles a shop, the higher will be the prices. Generally speaking, these shrines of Fashion are organised with extreme care and decorated with discreet but artistic luxury. Spacious, lofty rooms; superb marble staircases; rare vases filled with the finest blooms in season. The flower bill constitutes a notable feature of their budget. Nor must we forget the miniature stage, lighted with scientific skill, where theatrical and royal clients essay their stunning gowns. How the women revel in the delicious atmosphere of these *salons*, although they are usually dominated by the tyrant Man!

* * *

Queens of Fashion.

You are not surprised by this display of royal luxury, on reflecting that such fashionable dressmakers are patronised by the *élite* of the world—Empresses, Queens, Princesses, Duchesses, ambitious if plebeian millionairesses from North and South America, brilliant stars of the stage, pampered wives of our newspaper, coal, iron, cotton and gold kings. These women, whose menkind are so rich that they seldom need trouble about the vulgar question of cost, are all accustomed to *le dernier cri* in elegance and luxury; they must be treated with tactful delicacy and the most insinuating deference. Their little vanities, foibles and fads are tenderly studied, by the Chief, as by all those who are privileged to come into contact with them. Thus the *vendeuses*, *essayeuses* and *mannequins* are all clever, specially-trained, highly paid women who know how to "handle" the most capricious, impatient, imperious women in Europe. A certain British Princess is the terror of the house which she deigns to patronise, and she has even been known to *swear* when her pet ideas have not been successfully materialised. The smartest of these *vendeuses* earn from £1,000 to £2,000 a year in the best houses; they usually marry well; and frequently start in business with some ambitious male colleague, "pooling" their valuable and varied experience and talent. We have in London one woman of genius who thus started and is now earning over £10,000 a year.

Dressmakers as Diplomatists.

Positive genius is required to satisfy such a collect of illustrious, difficult clients. Thus the fashionable dr maker must possess that rare intuition which enables —or her—to divine just the gown or cloak that will re the charms of each client to the best advantage, while giving her something absolutely exclusive, original. nothing horrifies a haughty Society belle so much as mere suspicion that she is wearing something which be imitated by some vulgar creature outside the *Couturiers* must be diplomatists able to give points to Edward Grey himself; psychologists capable of "readin their clients with unerring *flair*. In order to save honour of the House by withholding an unbecoming ment, a fashionable *couturier* sometimes has to say to imperious Princess:

"Madame, I do not *see* you in that gown."

The haughty, passionate beauty may have set her he on that particular dress, regarding it as an ideal crea that cannot fail to enhance the charms of her Royal pers But he knows better and racks his brain to invent so thing more bewitching, promising her to design a gow that shall eclipse anything she has ever worn. And quently he succeeds!

* * *

£10,000 a Year for Dress.

Never was the passion for extravagant dress carried such a pitch as it is to-day, and the prices paid garments from the ultra-fashionable *couturiers* would sta women who "dress" themselves and three daughters £60 a year. Evening gowns are "created" for anyth between £50 and £200; opera cloaks cost from £20 £100; silk petticoats from £10 to £20; hats from £ £40; stockings from £6 to £40 a pair. For the la figure they will be embellished with point-lace inserti representing scenes from Watteau, reduced to minia size. Not long ago an American millionairess paid £4 for a real lace wedding veil. Lady X, the wife of Napoleon of Journalism, gave £7,000 for a full length very voluminous sable coat, with a large muff, cape, and turban to match. £500 is not considered an exorbit price to pay for a real seal or chinchilla cape, while coat will often cost £1,000. £160 has been charged for pair of fine sealskin gloves, while fur hats at prices ra ing from £50 to £80 are no longer considered luxur by certain wealthy women. One millionairess spe £8,000 on dress and considers that no really elegant per could manage on less. One favourite French actre Madame Cecile Sorel, considers that £10,000 a year is too much for a woman to spend on dress. Even then would have to be careful.

* * *

Couturiers v. Couturieres.

While it is generally imagined that only a masculi genius can "create" a gown worthy of a reigning beau it remains true that there are in London several establi ments where the principal responsibility rests on the shar shoulders of a woman. How far *couturières* create own models is a delicate problem which they alone solve. The general impression is that, while a *couturier* the first rank always creates his own models, the majo of *couturières* are content to imitate or work on o experts' models. And, under such circumstances, often work for half the male experts' prices. Happily, dressmaking industry, like the millinery, is one that pos sesses the solid merit of favouring women, so far as regar employment, the major portion of the work done London and the provinces being performed by women a girls. Then it is worthy of note that, with one excepti no man has succeeded in the delicate department of m linery, even in Paris, where women evolve the sweetes models and usually charge the highest prices.

* * *

The Black Book of Fashion.

Certain leading dressmakers maintain a secret enter *professionnelle*, which enables them to avoid disagreea surprises. Thus each House must organise its Intelligen Department in order to be in a position to calculate to nicety the value of a name and the extent of credit th can be given. They must be familiar with the chang that are constantly taking place in the various worlds fro which their *clientèle* are drawn—the marriages, brok engagements, divorces, separations. Is a marriage in h

life arranged? Or does a Princess of the stage offend a wealthy admirer? Or a married woman suddenly quit the conjugal roof? They must know these things and take a special note thereof. For they may have the names on their books. With all the fluctuations which modify the position of their fair clients must they be acquainted, in order to keep their famous Blue, Yellow and Black Books up to date. For they have to deal with doubtful, reckless, insolvent and frankly dishonest clients, allowing quite 15 per cent. of their turnover for bad debts. Women who quarrel with their husbands and continue to pile up bills before the dressmaker is advised are conspicuously dangerous clients, for it is very difficult to establish the legal liability for such debts should the case be forced into Court. Even those most interested would be surprised to find that their favourite dressmakers possess an intimate knowledge of their financial and personal position. How is it done? Well, their confidential maids, chauffeurs and butlers must necessarily know many of the intimate details of their daily life. And they are often fond of gossiping about their "people." How many women are angels to their maids?

* * *

What Dressmakers Earn.

While the prices charged may appear exorbitant, it must be remembered that immense talent, labour and inventive genius are involved in the maintenance of a first-class dressmakers' establishment, for competition is keen and losses are serious. £200 may appear a prohibitive price for a gown that is only worn half a dozen times, however stunning it may be. But is it, after all? Probably the material and labour would not cost more than £50. But there may be costly lace, gold or diamond trimming. The fabric may have been specially woven and dyed, the model specially designed after patient research and experiment. Moreover, the balance cannot be counted as pure profit. The Genius of the House aspires to a generous recognition of his efforts. Bad debts and interest on money outstanding must be allowed for. There are two or three leading Houses which must be prepared to give credit for £200,000 or £300,000 over long periods, for usually the more aristocratic the client the more difficult it is to obtain a settlement. Dressmakers must pay heavy rents for splendid establishments in the heart of fashionable London, while maintaining a big establishment in Paris; employ exceptionally clever people for the various departments of their business. There are, however, despite enormous expenses, three or four firms in London credited with making in good times superb profits—£13,000, £18,000 and even £25,000 per annum, according to the ability of the Chief and the quality of the *clientèle*.

CONSISTENT JEWELS.

St. Peter: What! You three wish to leave?
Shade of Bridget Clancy, the Spokeslady: We do thot! We niver stayed more than wan month in any wan place, an' sure we're not goin' to begin now to plaze any of yez!—*Puck.*

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

CONSTITUTIONAL.

"I took a long walk yesterday," said Boreman, as he collapsed into a seat at Busyman's desk.

"Take another, old man," suggested Busyman; "it'll do us both good."

* * *

SANCTUM PLEASANTRY.

"So this is your idea of wit, eh?" said the editor, as he read Wagg's jokes.

"Yes, it is," said Wagg.

"Well, the idea is certainly original," said the editor.

* * *

AFTER THE CEREMONY.

Bridegroom: Didn't I look like a fool when I was at the altar rail?

Best man: No; but any one could see that you were not yourself.

WHEN IT'S WASTE PAPER.

Maid: Is this paper from Mr. Scribbler's room waste paper, mum?

Landlady: No. He hasn't written anything on it yet.

* * *

THE DRAMA OF DIRT.

Madge: The plays of to-day are not worth going to see.

Marjorie: But look at what you hear!

* * *

The Good Old Soul: I'll give you a job if you're kind to animals.

The Applicant: Me, I wouldn't harm a flea.

The Good Old Soul: Then you won't do. I wanted some one to scrub the fleas out of my dog.

* * *

UNKIND.

The Male: "Yaas, I assuah you my father's will provided that Ai should receive the whole of his fortune when I became a man, and——"

The Female: "And who will get it now?"

* * *

INQUISITIVENESS REBUKED.

The Lady: "And how long have you been out of work?"

Impoverished Gentleman: "My dear madam, I asked you for assistance. It is surely quite unnecessary to tell you my age."

* * *

One of Victoria's best landscape painters was out with his bag of tricks near Daylesford recently. He had pitched in front of an old, two-roomed, wattle-and-dab hut, softened with a crimson-flowered creeper, which he thought would make an excellent sketch. While he was working, a tall, hairy man came out of the hut, and regarded him with some misgiving. The hut-dweller approached. "Whatcher doin', mister?" he said. "I'm painting your picturesque dwelling," said Patterson. The hut-dweller regarded Patterson dubiously for a minute, then went indoors. Presently he re-appeared with his wife, and the two advanced towards the artist. "Mind yeh," said the man, pointing at the painter, "I've got me witness—you're doin' this at your own expense.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

* * *

ON THE ELEVATED.

Guard: What station do you want, friend?
Reveller: Wha' s'ashuns have y' got?—*Judge.*

* * *

Ryan used to be assistant blaster at the quarries. On the day he disappeared he must have been standing on top of an exploding charge. We never recovered enough of him for a funeral. Subsequently, a mate, who had not heard of the accident, was inquiring after Ryan. Murphy was the informant. "Where's Bill Ryan?" queried the friend. "Gone!" volunteered Murphy. "Has he left for good?" asked the stranger. Murphy embraced his facial herbage, gazed skyward, and said: "Well, he wint that way, anyhow."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

INTERROGATIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Was it exactly good form of a well-known actor-manager to draw an arm-chair up to the fire of the breakfast room at an hotel where about twenty people, including ladies, were breakfasting, and to put his feet on the mantelpiece and light up a cigar?

* * *

Can anyone name the constituency with the silliest candidate? We could, but there's a silly libel law in this country. Anyhow when it came to "questions" towards the end of one of his meetings not long ago he asked for them to be put in writing. Would you believe it that his wife had to write the answer on each slip of paper before our would-be M.P. could open his mouth!

* * *

Why did the Harrow boy marry in such a hurry?

* *

It looks as if the Church is going to receive another deadly blow when the Law Courts meet again. It's uncertain as yet whether the rector's wife is going to ask for a judicial separation or a divorce. But in any case the Sunday papers are in for some good "copy."

* *

Because a man has once sown a plentiful supply of wild oats, it is no guarantee that he will not plant a second crop quite late in the season.

* *

Whether domestic troubles will not cause a certain amount of delay in the production of a new book by one of our most popular lady novelists? And if it is true that owing to her altered outlook in life she intends to re-write the latter half of the book?

* *

Mrs. Kinnins, in an article in "Songs from the Plays of William Shakespeare," says that at that time "washing was seldom indulged in. Baths are seldom mentioned." What a number of people love to keep up the good old customs.

* * *

There are many people in this world who require mothering, but there is a still greater number who require smothering.

* * *

In Moscow they are opening a club in which bores are to be eliminated. Someone suggests that it would be a good tip for some of the English clubs. Certainly, but there *must* be a few members left to keep up the subscriptions.

* * *

Isn't there a young man going round town kicking himself very violently for having mentioned that he had heard "Marie Lloyd was going to marry into the family" during a conversation at the club about Sir John Dillon of Lismullen?

* * *

Wasn't it a very English "cat" who started the "white mouse" lucky charm in Paris?

* * *

A man makes a fool of himself when he tells other people that they have made a fool of him.

"DID ANYONE KNOCK?"

Mr. Lorenz Hagenbeck says that the lions that escaped recently in Leipsic "were perfectly friendly and would not have hurt a soul." We are quite willing to take Mr. Hagenbeck's word for it, but not really surprised that no one cared to prove it.

* * *

A well-known photographer says that his great trouble at the moment is that so many of his lady clients wish their portraits to resemble Miss Gladys Cooper. Without any desire to be rude to that lady——why?

* * *

It is a long and tedious job waiting for dead men's shoes and when you get them the leather under the nice coat of blacking is frequently very rotten.

* * *

The number of missing people seems to be daily on the increase, but if the photographs published of them are anything to judge by, it is perhaps as well.

* * *

It is said that the late Menelik was very careless about other people's lives. If anyone made him a present of a gun or a revolver he would try it off at once, not worrying at all about anyone who might be in the line of fire. It is certainly late in the day to offer advice, but why did anyone ever make him presents of live toys like that?

* *

Who started the rumour about Mr. Gustave Hamel and Miss Hawke Davis? And isn't it quite possible that though 'e loops with her, he may have no intention to elope with her?

* *

At the Three Arts Ball at Covent Garden each group is to have the limelight on it. There is no prize for guessing who will get the most in Sir Herbert Tree's group.

* *

One freak of nature makes the whole world grin.

* *

Who was the "b-hon" who wanted to send a telegram to the Duke of Westminster, when he thought he had found Pavlova at Margate during the Christmas festivities? And why?

* * *

What does King George think of the Kikuyu dispute, and what the Archbishop said in the letter to His Majesty?

* * *

If it is true that Harry Lauder will not decide whether he will speak in the American churches or not until he knows exactly how much he will make by it? And whether he really did not know that it was a bad sixpence that he gave a poor beggar, who wished him "good luck" on his journey at Liverpool?

* * *

The question of chorus girls' wages has cropped up again—it is becoming a hardy annual like the sea-serpent—and nobody seems to make much of a move in the matter. But it really is remarkable what some of the girls can do on £2 a week. A flat at Kensington, a motor car, and endless diamonds! And then men complain that the women of to-day are not capable of handling money!

* * *

A contemporary refers to Mr. George Graves's *new song* "How are you?" Has anyone yet broken the sad news to them of the decease of Queen Anne?

"Will you have gas, madam?"
Nervous Lady: "Well, you don't think I'm going to let you tinker about with my teeth in the dark, do you?"

Mlle. Andrée Dealy is to come to the Alhambra later on. [illegible] the photographs of the lady, if she usually wears [illegible], it would be as well to postpone her visit until the cold spell is quite over.

* * *

What did the fiancée of a rising young barrister think when he took her to dinner at the Monico for the first time and the waiter [illegible] dainty diamond and pearl ear-ring, added, "We [illegible] this on Monday, sir."

* * *

Whether the young lady is not now anxiously watching the ears of her friends on the chance of "spotting" the lady?

* * *

If it is true that the man has recovered the duplicate and [illegible] having them re-set?

* * *

And whether the unknown lady is wondering at his sudden [illegible] to her favourite ear-rings?

* * *

Coyness, it is said, is declining, but personal experience is to the contrary; in fact it is on the increase, particularly in quarters where its appearance is nauseating. The coy maiden—the simple, unsophisticated girl, is charming, and in these blasé days it is a real pleasure to meet one of this [illegible] but coyness in "an old ewe dressed lamb fashion," as a [illegible] creature brutally expressed it on witnessing an elderly widow playing the part of the coy maiden the other day, is painful.

* * *

Coyness, too, is unpleasant in a certain type of young married woman. She discusses life from every point of view; knows pretty well all there is to be known about the world's morals, and is keenly alive to the value of pounds, shillings and pence, yet, when the man she wishes to attract appears, she looks coy and tries to blush. For a time she succeeds, then the man realises what she is—one of a rather hardened lot of young women who smoke cigarettes between "salved" lips, assail people with "chaff" and slang, and laugh too loudly.

* * *

"Study your lessons, well my boy," said the proud father, "for I want you to be a credit to your poor old dad. "Shan't I feel proud the day I see your picture on the front page of the [illegible] and columns about you and ——" "I know," said his bright offspring, "and diagrams showing how the [illegible] was done and a long history of my crimes, and my life-size figure in the Chamber of Horrors."

* * *

Why were there no prizes offered in the "Paper-Weights" for the Northcliffe Sports Association Boxing Championships?

The "golden rule" is soft metal and often gets dented.

* * *

It is with some astonishment that the man in the street reads of the unsuccessful peddling of an enormous diamond round London. The poor foot-weary bagman may take to himself some comfort, anyway. Heavens! If you can't sell priceless diamonds, what can you sell?

* * *

"Charity begins at home." Economy usually begins at someone else's expense.

* * *

The name of the peer's son who regularly waits outside the stage door at the popular music-hall?

* * *

Why does the titled Lady of Victoria give so much trouble to the tradesmen in the matter of paying her accounts? There is surely no need for this inconsiderate procrastination.

* * *

What does the ex-amateur heavyweight champion think of the clever 10-stone youngster of the Regent Street Polytechnic B.C.? And how did he explain away his black eye to his brother members on the A.B.A. Council?

* * *

Who is the "Turf Machiavelli"? Has not a certain periodical made a mistake in identifying the sinister influence that has crept in upon turf matters with a single individual? And is there not rather a gang of wire-pullers who mould the markets?

* * *

What is the real business of the octogenarian professor of Bloomsbury? And why do so many shady men call at his private residence after dusk?

* * *

A young prospective husband in the suburbs of London is trying the experiment of living with his future mother-in-law for a month before his marriage. Girls, you'd better be careful before you encourage your best young man to do this. Even the best of men are susceptible, and if mother warms his slippers and feeds him nicely, at the end of that month you may find that "Now I have to call him Father," as Miss Vesta Victoria used to sing to an appreciative audience.

* * *

A 15-year old boy scout of Philadelphia (prepare for something tall) stands six feet seven inches high, takes a seven and three-quarters hat, and his intelligence and strength are said to be in proportion to his size. *Now* where's Jack Johnson?

Epicurean Phrase:—"A High Liver."

TABLOID TOPICS.

Canon Masterman thinks that children should begin their history with fairy tales. Some of them do.

* * *

"Soap in China"—newspaper headline. Letsoap it will put Sunlight into some of the darkest corners of that continent.

* * *

No fewer than 630 city corporations have passed resolutions in favour of the Daylight Saving Bill. That's an eye-opener, anyway.

* *

The wife of a labourer named Lovejoy, has given birth to triplets. And now Mr. Lovejoy will have to get used to sorrow, for a change.

* * *

Many people have been wondering what the figure of a woman nursing a baby cannon on the Admiralty Arch signifies. "A son of a gun," of course.

* * *

£1,000 from "A.B.C." has been received by the Incorporated Church Building Society. No doubt the anonymous donor was a man of letters.

* * *

Forty Chicago septuagenarians have formed themselves into a "Club of Borrowed Time." But will they succeed in persuading time to leave them a-loan?

* * *

The new hats, we read, are to be trimmed with vegetables. Thus, in the spring, when the dear girls set their caps at those of coarser clay, nobody will be entitled to call them forward.

* * *

A hen climbed up two flights of stairs in an Essex inn and laid an egg in one of the rooms. We presume the landlord promptly seized upon this justification for making an ova-charge in his guest's bill.

* * *

It is unkind, perhaps, to suggest that the reason Mr. Burlingham stayed as long as four hours among the fire and fumes of the volcano's crater was because his wife was waiting for him at the top.

* * *

A Chinaman named Too Kee has been fined £100 for keeping a Chinese gaming-house at Cardiff. Doubtless he is still wondering why he was not blessed at birth with a name like Too Kee Sook.

* * *

"How a Blind Man Dreams" is described in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which the subject tested told of visions of animal shapes, strange sounds, and spirit forms. We have heard of this state of blindness before.

* * *

A man recently interrupted the wedding service by rushing out of church because he was too nervous to get married. We wonder how many brides and bridegrooms would do the same if they could look into the future.

* * *

The Mannheim National Theatre corps de ballet have gone on strike because the management want them to dance with bare feet and legs whenever required. They object to padding the hoof without padding, of course.

* * *

"I saw Esau stagger," said a policeman at Highgate, giving evidence against a man named Esau charged with drunkenness. He saw through Esau's imposition of trying to pass off himself as sober and righteous evidently.

* * *

To a Willesden woman who complained that she could not wash because her water supply had been cut off through the landlord's neglect to repair a leakage, the magistrate said that she had good *grounds* for an action. But surely she was not so dirty as that!

* * *

The present editor of the *Novaya Rabotchaya Gaseta* is the thirteenth. His twelve predecessors are in prison, says the *Globe*. Our gross ignorance of Russian prevents us from appreciating the title to the full. Gas heaters, we know, usually mean a warm reception, and we have little doubt that the other unintelligible portion accounts for the cell.

"'Meet' at Workhouse," says the *Star*. What They'll soon be giving them cake and jam.

* * *

"After Death in two parts," is a Kinema annou in Blackfriars Road. A drama of dissection, we pres

* * *

The *Daily Sketch* heads an article "Piccadilly too c Dr. Cook." Can anyone suggest a warmer place i world?

* * *

The Berlin police are up in arms against the wax propriety displays advertising corsets. A regular m campaign.

* * *

It is stated that Mr. G. K. Chesterton has been i to stand as an Independent candidate for South Buc hamshire. Another four hundred pound M.P.?

* * *

A "Not-at-home" telephone service has been st Paris, says a newspaper. We would like to give them which seems to be something in that line of business.

* * *

M. Vedrines on landing at Cairo, flew into a temper the friend of a fellow-competitor, flew at him and boxe ears. He seems to have the flying habit pretty strong

* * *

"The Tragedy of too much Tissue" announces the line of a "Lady's Page." Sounds as if someone had with a bad accident during a violent attack of sneezi

* * *

Coloured people are to be admitted to the South Labour party provided they agree to advancing white s ards, says the *Daily Mail*. White banners will be ba

* * *

The *Daily Express* has been kind enough to allay suspicions that the thatched roof is disappearing from English countryside. But we really didn't care straws.

* * *

All the Hohenzollerns have to learn a trade, and Crown Prince of German is said to be quite an expert ca maker. Here we leave all that sort of thing to the P Minister.

* * *

Miss Chollet Hall, a Chicago typist, has been left £ by her great-uncle with the proviso that she marries fo within a year. What a time she is in for among the ad —of money.

* * *

A dog, declared to have an antipathy to postmen, w the subject of an action at the West London Court. perhaps holds on doggedly to a belief that every post b a dog tax notice.

* * *

A penny evening's headlines:—

"Fare War—Railway's Fight for London Traffic Cuts." That's just what you might expect in severe engagement.

* * *

The latest feminine fad is to wear "bridles" of col ribbons or velvet over the shoulders. The fastest fillies in Matrimonial Stakes will still continue to make a neck neck race of it.

* * *

An iron bolt 3½ inches long has been found in the st of a cow which had been killed by Mr. M. Daly of On The distinguishing feature of that animal, had it would undoubtedly have been its ox'ide of iron.

* * *

We read that a thief in Paris stole £2,400 from the of a director of a factory and walked out of the bui nodding a cheerful farewell to the porter at the gate. such a successful coup one would hardly expect him to downhearted about it.

* * *

"Gen. Huerta Still Smiling—'Just Going to Earnest'" reads a heading. A dear old chap whe really know him. We felt that he wasn't serious wit few hundreds of executions. Bring the numbers thousands, quick, there's a good chap.

HIS GOOD TURN.

Billy Sharkins: "Allow me, sir, to offer you the use of mine, as I'm sure yours must be rather damp."

The young man who shows up with an engagement ring is apt to get the glad hand.

* * *

A woman seldom hits anything she aims at—especially when she throws herself at a man's head.

* * *

The successful man never tells you what he is going to do next.

* * *

Before marriage a man has a theory about managing a wife, but after marriage he discovers that it is a fact and not a theory that confronts him.

* * *

You can't judge a man's worth by the size of his bluff.

It pays to be honest, but too often the pay goes to the other fellow.

* * *

A young man may fool a girl as to what wages he gets, but he can't fool her father.

* * *

Most people enjoy hearing their enemies' roasted more than they do hearing their friends praised.

* * *

If there is any temptation within a mile of him a man will find it.

* * *

Too many young couples never think seriously about marriage until after it happens.

IN STAGELAND.

Very wise indeed were the New Theatre guardians of the welfare of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" (in the abstract sense as a dramatic work), to treat the production in a manner which appeals most strongly to the sane citizen who loves to exercise his imagination, rather than to yield to the temptation, which must in this case have existed, to give us another pretty fairy-like phantasy along approved lines; a dramatic type in danger of collapse through sheer overwork at the moment.

* * *

The alluring allegory of the dream personality attaching to each real-life rôle is an old theatrical topic treated with brilliant originality. You see the poor little rich girl's parents are practically non-existent as a factor in her life, except as absent gratifiers of every unspoken wish, so Gwendolyn is left to the mercy of mercenary servants whose sense of duty begins and ends in the weekly salary list. It is during a delirium caused by an overdose of sleeping draught administered by a criminal maid-servant who must have "the night off" that the clever plot affords us the rare privilege of seeing the physical bodies of familiar 20th century figures denuded of lounge suits and toilettes and garbed in brains subconsciously garb eccentric personalities. Thus father, adored but absent, becomes the Money Man, harnessed to a tremendous safe with hands so full of notes and gold that he has no time for happiness. Is there any one of us who cannot recognise among our own tangible immediate circle the wasted life that lives and dies in an unhappy seething maelström of money? Mother becomes The Woman with a (social) Bee in her Bonnet. The doctor who snatches her back to life, as an advocate of healthy hobbies for all three, becomes a rider of hobby horses and strides through the dream scenes in appropriate pink and top boots.

GEO. FORMBY.
(Oxford).

* *

The caste is magnificent, entirely free from Americans and every other trace of vulgarity, and affords such vivid illustration of somewhat obscure mental impressions that the P.L.R.G., happy in her restoration to health and the earnest regard of her parents, should be happy also in the support of all those among us who appreciate moderate sentiment and a brilliant play. Miss Stephanie Bell, in the title-rôle, is a living object-lesson of the attractions of Anglo-Saxon youth the world over. Although I had the privilege of her acquaintance before production, I had merely recognised in her a unit of extremely desirable British type, and with many others am astonished at her ability to thrust herself so effectually clear of the mediocre rut at so early a stage of her career. As matters stand, however, she is already well within the exclusive circle of those who by personal achievement have rendered us exceptional theatrical service. Apart from all this, Mr. Malcolm Cherry's doctor is the most notable feature of an interesting production. The fresh, happy sanity of a wonderful class is portrayed with refreshing accuracy. But why be alarmed at a temperature of 96 degrees?

* * *

I love these stage errors! On a recent evening I was pulling the leg of my friend De Manby, who is Lord Amersham of "The Girl from Utah." The process was facilitated, so to speak, by the fact that, top-booted and magnificent as only cavalrymen know how to be, he apparently had no use for *spurs*. I recollect there was some excuse about respect for Miss Phyllis Dare's gorgeous gowns. Surely thou knowest, Alfred, that an Army Service Corps shoeing-smith would not plead guilty to a charge of allowing his spurs to get out of hand ——, but Lord Amersham of the Adelphi Cavalry ——!

* * *

To revert to Mr. Cherry for a moment! 96 degrees is an entirely nominal temperate—so that until the region of 105 degrees is reached frantic alarm for a patient's condition is pointless.

* *

A copy of the *Daily Citizen* has been handed to me containing a column article alleged to have been written by Miss Elise Craven, of "The Marriage Market" at Daly's. Although verbose and egotistic it *may*, of course, exercise a profound influence on the strike committees of Leeds and Dublin and set them dancing for reasons other than the recent proof of their respective utter futilities. As regards these occasional weird literary acrobatics on the part of theatrical people, I remember purchasing for 2d., from a tremendous stack of copies, a shilling edition of a work which apparently expired at birth. Somebody had persuaded Miss Phyllis Dare, then a child, to write her biography, and I bought a copy for the above sum because it was such an excellent bargain as regards the paper and binding. How Miss Dare must regret that little indiscretion now that she has really become an actress of such polished refinement.

MAY MOORE DUPREZ,
"Merry Hellanbalm."

* *

"The Pursuit of Pamela" at the Royalty continues to do very fair business, but I fancy the majority of the people who go there go to acquire a few hints in the polite art of love-making from Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Dennis Eadie, rather than for any merits of the play itself, which to tell the truth is rather thin stuff.

* *

But of the quality of the love-making between these two—and there is little else in the piece—there can be no question. Perhaps if the Royalty had not had such a winner in "Milestones," people might be inclined to criticise the theatre's productions less keenly. As it is I do not think "The Pursuit of Pamela" is anything like so good a play as "Interlopers," which did not do as well as it deserved.

SAM STERN.
(Oxford).

W. R. C. R.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 36.

The Last Liaison of Catherine the Great.

History probably had no more striking example than the illicit connection of the Empress Catherine II. of Russia and Plato Zubof. He was the lover of her old age. Catherine had been one of the handsomest women who ever wore a crown. She was, too, a consummate "statesman." Her prime ministers were her bedfellows. She had an intuitive eye for a "handy man," in more senses than one; but of the dozen lovers who bore her embraces none were such inexplicable buffoons as Plato Zubof. The trouble of Catherine's life was her tendency to embonpoint, and by the time Plato Zubof came on the scene Catherine had so increased in size as to be almost an object of deformity. Her legs, which were swollen and often ulcerated, had entirely lost their shape, and Catherine no longer lifted her petticoat on occasions in order to display the shapely foot of which she had once been so proud. Empress though she was, Catherine had to swallow many humiliations in the course of her long reign, and the last finally "crushed her at."

She had invited Sweden's boy King, Gustavus, to St. Petersburg, with the object of arranging a marriage with her grand-daughter, the Princess Alexandra, the one-time favourite in the Imperial circle. The young couple were said to be "mad in love" as Catherine desired, and the final betrothal ceremony at which the contract was to be signed. All the smart people in Russia had been gathered for this splendid occasion. Grouped round the Empress were the foreign ambassadors and all the first Generals, Admirals, and statesmen of Russia. Full of happy pride, the future bride stood close to the Empress's chair, anxiously awaiting the happiest moment of her life. But the bridegroom tarried. For two hours Empress Catherine waited, until her blood boiled at the absence of the young king, and eventually it was found that the absurd favourite, Zubof, had endeavoured to incorporate terms in the marriage agreement (which the King had agreed to sign before the betrothal was actually announced) that it was impossible for the Swedish monarch to put his hand to.

One by one the high ministers sought out the recalcitrous King Gustavus. They pleaded with him; fell upon their knees, wept with chagrin and anger; finally threatened the King with Russia's displeasure, but he absolutely refused to be a party to the game. Though only seventeen years old, Gustavus of Sweden was a "man." That was the end of Catherine the Great. She died six weeks later, and for days after her last great humiliation (for the marriage never took place) she immured herself in her chamber, refusing to be comforted, and would not appear again lest her discomposure might be noticed. And this was all the work of the jackanapes, Zubof, whom she had taken to her bed!

* * *

How Plato Zubof won the "Love" of the Empress.

Plato Zubof, paramour of Catherine though he was, was treated by her as a child. And "child" in many ways was his introduction to Catherine was romantic. He was a pretty young thing, twenty-five years old, and a corporal of horse guards. Beyond that position he had nothing to recommend him but his good looks and his cheek. When he heard that the Empress was beginning to set out for Tsarskoe-Selo, he requested the honour of commanding the detachment of horse guards who were to accompany Her Imperial Majesty.

This having been satisfactorily arranged, the Empress, during the journey, asked Plato to dine with her, and so delighted was she with the pocket Adonis who commanded the detachment, that she ordered Miss Prestasof, her "reader," and Mr. Rogerson, her physician, to make themselves agreeable to him. These proving satisfactory, Catherine promptly dismissed her then favourite, Momonoff, married him respectably to a lady of the Court, and sent him off into obscurity. At sixty-two Catherine knew how to fall violently in love.

The very next morning, after the sacking of Momonoff, Catherine the Great sent Plato Zubof a present of 100,000 roubles so that he might get a change of underlinen, and as soon as this had been done she publicly quitted the bedchamber, in the presence of all the Court; gave her arm to her new favourite; and walked him off to her boudoir. From that moment little Plato Zubof found himself the Ruler of the then greatest Empire in the world!

* * *

The Amour of Catherine and Plato Zubof.

What was the secret of Plato's charm for the elderly, but never-satiated, Empress. Small and thin and pale, he would seem to have been but a poor sort of idol for the woman who had given herself to the handsome and graceful Poniatowsky; to the swarthy, muscular Patiomkin; to the giant-like Gregory Orloff, physically the strongest man in her Empire, who could bend a horse-shoe in his mighty palm. Plato is described as "dark, slim, and short, like a pretty Frenchman, after the style of the Chevalier de Puysegur." But Plato had fascinations which obscured his unpretentious physique. He had a high and intellectual forehead, he had a nimble humorous; and a "heart-like way" with him. Catherine herself described her feelings at possessing him: "I have come back to life, like a fly that has been frozen by the cold . . . Now I am gay and well again!" Catherine called him "mon petit Blaise," and it pleased her occasionally to shut him out of her room just to hear him cry! Probably Catherine had had enough of strong, virile lovers, and wanted now to satisfy those maternal feelings which she had so wonderfully held in check for forty years. Her treatment of her son, the Emperor Paul, is in itself a romance of maternity insulted.

* * *

The Quintessence of Arrogance.

But Plato Zubof had "got there!" His arrogance exceeded all the lovers who had gone before him. One day he was out shooting, and had to wait on the trunk road between St. Petersburg and Tsarskoe-Selo for his quarry. The road was a busy one, and the traffic portentous. But none dare pass while the Empress's favourite occupied the thoroughfare. Half an hour passed. The road was thronged with the equipages of courtiers, the carts of market-gardeners, the regiments of the Guard, and hundreds of peasants on foot, or with mules and ponies. But the Empress's lover must not be disturbed! An hour went by, and only then would Zubof deign to take the sideway, and allow the traffic to proceed. Needless to say, not many weeks had passed before Zubof was a rich man, with his breast sparkling with diamonds and orders.

* * *

How Catherine's Favourite Made Money.

Russia witnessed (not for the first time) the extraordinary spectacle of a little subaltern, who had danced attendance upon the officers and flunkeys of the Court, suddenly elevated to a position almost Imperial in its significance! Every day, as Catherine sat down to write to her brother monarchs, she referred lovingly to her new "toy." These letters tell of her delight at her pretty Plato; his poetic manners; his winsome moods; and his proneness to tears. He was something wonderfully new to the jaded lover of a dozen giants. Catherine generally referred to him as her "child," and there is no doubt she felt real maternal pangs when with him. Plato was not like some of Catherine's Aides-de-Camps," a man of the soil. He was a gentleman, and, in spite of his apparent child-like simplicity, the possessor of a scheming and subtle brain. Realising that his job was precarious, though profitable, he brought his brother, Valerian, into the Imperial service, and used the good offices of Peter Zubof in every imaginable way. How Valerian fared in the association may be imagined when it is mentioned that within a few months of Valerian Zubof's introduction to the Court he was able to stake thirty thousand roubles on a single card at faro.

* * *

The "Get-Rich-Quick" Trick under Catherine the Great.

Zubof had become the Arbiter of All the Russias! No favour, decoration, or place in the Empire passed without his signature. While the Russian troops were slaughtering the Turks in the South, and others fighting Sweden in the North, and ravaging Poland elsewhere, while the Russian people groaned amidst their wretchedness and famine,

and died in their thousands under the lashes of tyrants and extortioners, Plato Zubof quickly graduated amongst the millionaires of the Tsardom. Walizewski tells the following incident to show the ease with which Plato Zubof worked the "get-rich-quick" trick:—At a State dinner Empress Catherine said to Plato, "How much does this estate cost?" "Your Majesty will pardon me, it is already sold!" "How long since?" "This very morning!" "To whom?" "There is the purchaser!" And the Empress's "toy" pointed to a young subaltern, who was standing behind her chair. The Empress looked as if she "saw through it all," but she could deny her "Little Blackie" nothing. And within a few days the young subaltern, who had been Plato's confederate in the trick, was the possessor of an estate which supported twelve thousand serfs!

It was not all plain-sailing, even for Plato Zubof, for while the powerful Patiomkin lived, his job might end at any moment. It was not for three years that Zubof was relieved to learn of the death of the former sharer of the Empress's silly moments, but the death of Patiomkin made one unexpected difference to Plato. The estates, which Catherine had been wont to lavish even upon those whom she no longer desired, now all fell to Plato, and the harvest was a fabulous one. It was said, too, that when he arrayed himself in all his decorations Plato looked like a hawker at a fair, bearing his simple wares upon his coat! Though she would not allow Plato to go on any of her campaigns, she provided his brother Valerian with her commission, and when he was wounded in Poland she at once made him a General, and sent him a casket containing ten thousand ducats to pay his fare back to St. Petersburg, and provided him with a Court surgeon, an English carriage, and a hundred horses at every posting station that he might have every luxury to compensate him for his lost blood.

* * *

The Downfall of "Little Blackie."

For seven glorious years Plato Zubof swanked it in Russia as the "All-But Emperor"! But with Catherine's death the scene changed. Catherine's son, Paul, had had a lot of insolence to put up with from the plaything of the Empress's declining years, and now he proceeded to "get his own back," and did it with consummate skill. At first he pretended to exalt Plato, and when the one-time subaltern was preening himself that his great days were by no means over, he received the astounding order to quit St. Petersburg at one hour's notice!

His day was over. Stripped of all his ill-gotten estates, he went forth an outcast—the laughing stock of Russia! And how the Russians must have chortled at the little swank-pot's defeat! What was worse, after a variety of vicissitudes, he returned secretly to Russia, to help in the plot to assassinate Paul. When that deed was done, and he was hoping that the new Emperor would re-instal him in his former luxury, he was again given the "right about," and only escaped assassination himself by the skin of his teeth. Emperor Alexander, however, magnanimously allowed him to retain one estate, and here he spent the rest of his life, a miserable creature, to whom the fear of sudden death made life almost unbearable.

* * *

The Unmasking of Plato Zubof.

Immense hero that he had thought himself, and believed the Russians so to regard him, he was denuded even of his own self-respect (what he ever possessed), when one day he happened to be confronted by the famous Marshal Saxe. This military hero took an intense dislike to the former favourite of Empress Catherine, and promptly challenged him to a duel, under circumstances which left him no loop-hole of escape. De Saxe had been an object of fear to Plato for years, and he had once plotted Saxe's murder. The gallant Marshal now determined to unmask him to all Europe. And he succeeded—more than he could have imagined possible. When Plato faced the Marshal on the duelling-ground, he was so demoralised with fear that he refused to pick up his weapon, on the pretence that he had had no experience of fire-arms. The Marshal at once offered him a sword, but Plato, trembling with fright, refused to fight, and went away a cowed and broken man. He died not long after, a decrepit old man at fifty, covered with shame, and the butt of all the wits of Europe.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

Auntie: And how was mamma dressed at the party, Tottie?"

Tottie: W'y, she had a pitty, w'ite, long, short dwess——

Auntie: But, dear, how could it be both long and short?

Tottie: W'y, it was long at the bottom and short at the top!

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries in this column.

Ican (London, N.).—Much obliged; that's what we require—interesting facts the public don't know about people they do know or should know but don't know.

J. P. (Devon).—You write on both sides of the paper, and you are one of those people who shouldn't write on either.

A. R. (Blackburn).—Regret cannot enter into correspondence on the matter. The fact of entering the competition is acquiescence in the rules.

T. K. (Chester).—Too too—try another paper.

Alpha (Stockwell).—Send stamped addressed envelope, otherwise waste receives another MS.

Foster (Newcastle).—Professionalism was legalised in 1885. Aston Villa are the cup-holders.

F. G. (Bradford).—Capt. Saunders will reply in due course.

E. G. H. (Woodford).—Faint echo of Rudyard K——. No good.

C. S. (Dublin).—Sketches lopsided. Girls too big and fat.

Miss N. (Cardiff).—Whist drives legal when conducted in a quiet manner.

R. T. (East Ham).—Appreciate the yarn about the Oddfellows, but cerulean in hue for this family journal.

AMPLY QUALIFIED.

Recruiting Officer: I'm afraid you are not heavy enough for a cavalryman. We want men who can ride right at everything whenever necessary.

Applicant: That's all right, Cap. I've been a chauffeur for seven years!

THE MAGNETIC GIRL

How She Compels Others to Obey Her Will.

100,000 Copies of Remarkable Book describing peculiar Psychic Powers to be distributed Free to readers of "Modern Life."

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetic Fascination, Mind Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer Ellsworth Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yogis, and describes a simple though effective system of controlling the thoughts and acts of others; how one may gain the love and friendship of those who might otherwise remain indifferent; how to quickly and accurately judge the character and disposition of an individual; how to cure the most obstinate diseases and habits without drugs or medicines; even the complex subject of projecting thoughts (telepathy) is explained. Miss Josephine Davis, the popular stage favourite, whose portrait appears above, declares that Prof. Knowles' book opens the door to success, health, and happiness to every mortal, no matter what his or her position in life. She believes that Prof. Knowles has discovered principles which, if universally adopted, will revolutionise the mental status of the human race.

The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions, showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of the 100,000 copies is being conducted by a large London institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested. No money need be sent, but those who wish to do so may enclose 2d. (stamps) to cover postage, etc. All requests for the free book should be addressed to: National Institute of Sciences, Free Distribution Dept. 89F, No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E., England. Simply say you would like a copy of "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces," and mention MODERN LIFE.

MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

The prophecy made by Mr. Sweeney, an old South African cricket captain, that "if Barnes bowled up to his best standard the Tests were a good thing for England," has proved a correct one. Barnes did bowl at his best, and England has won the first three of the five Tests and the rubber. Mr. Sweeney said, according to the *Daily Mirror*: "Just as the Irish peasant women frighten their children with the name of Cromwell, so does our goose-flesh creep when anybody mentions the word Barnes."

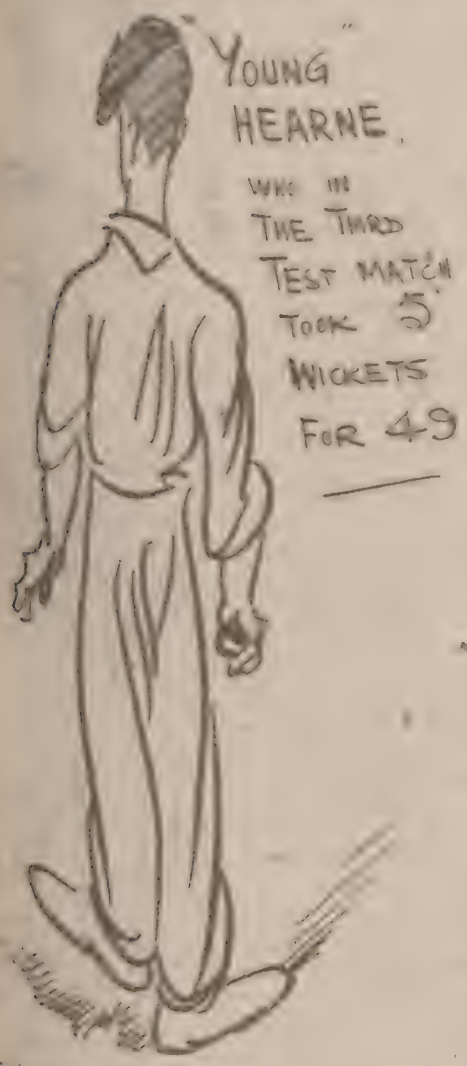
THE CRICKET TESTS.

Barnes is probably the best bowler the world has ever seen, and he is the greater because he does not play in county cricket at home. In Test matches he holds an easy record, and in the present tour he has taken 35 wickets out of the 60 that have fallen in Test matches for 394 runs, a wonderful average, seeing that in the last match alone South Africa scored 455 runs, and Barnes has borne the brunt of the bowling throughout.

Next to Barnes, Hobbs is surely the great man of the year. In the latest match he did not get a century, it is true, but he made 92 out of 238 in the first innings, and 41 in the second, when it was all plain sailing for his side.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

The failure of the South Africans was almost as glorious as England's victory. Set to get 396, a score never equalled in the fourth innings of a Test, South Africa at one period of the match looked to have a distinct chance of pulling the game out of the fire, when the 150 was on the board for the first wicket. H. W. Taylor, the S.A. captain, and J. W. Zulch, made a brilliant start, but afterwards Bronkhorst, who lost his temper when he appealed for l.b.w. against Ward, and did not get it, and was subsequently treated to some good-humoured barracking by the crowd, played a fine bit of bowling in getting Hands, Howse, Beaumont and Hartigan out, what time 173 was on the board, and made matters quite safe for England. Blanckenburg, the best bowler in South Africa, made matters lively towards the end with some free hitting, but the result was never in doubt.



NO EXCITEMENT IN ENGLAND.

Still no one has got wildly enthusiastic about the tour on this side. Cricket in the winter with football to interest us has few charms, and admirably as the matches are reported by Reuter's Agency, I have not heard many people wildly excited, as they used to be in the old days when the English side were battling in Australia for the mythical ashes. Cricket has had a bit of a set-back in popular fancy of late years. Cricketers themselves are interested, but until some sort of a league competition is formed in the county championship, county cricket is not likely ever to regain its old popularity. It is played on too sedate lines, and the public know it.

THE RUGBY INTERNATIONALS.

England's selectors have chosen the first Rugby side to represent them after three of the most extraordinary trials that have ever been played. Last week's score of 42 points to 27, by which England beat the Rest, must have set the selectors to think furiously. It would appear that the defence of both sides was weak, and perhaps in these high scoring games you always get a bit of slackness in defence, generally from the very brilliance of the attack on the part of the side which first gets a good lead. They are then out for attack, and the other fellows, if they are playing a spirited game, go all out to reduce the lead. That's just what happened on Saturday between two good sides, but the selectors saw some play which helped them to discriminate. In choosing their side they have taken the almost obvious course, but they had a terrible job in picking the forwards. Fancy leaving out Lawrie! It shows how good the sixteen forwards were.

CRITICISING THE SELECTORS.

W. R. Johnston was practically a certainty at full back. The Bristol man is perhaps the best full back England has had since Gamlin. In the three-quarter line, C. N. Lowe, the Cantab, and F. C. Chapman, of the Hartlepool Rovers, had settled down to such brilliant and brainy combination on the right wing that they will probably challenge comparison with any previous England pair of recent years. The one criticised selection in the three-quarter line was J. H. P. Watson. Watson and R. W. Poulton could not both play centre, and so Watson has been put on the wing, and the criticism is to the effect that he is hardly fast enough. Perhaps as the match goes on Poulton will take the wing position, if it becomes a question of pace being wanted on that wing, and here we open up again the old controversy—is Poulton a winger or a centre?

At half the choice of G. W. Wood and F. M. Taylor, the Leicester pair, was inevitable after the last trial. It was hard luck for Cullen getting crocked early on in the trial, as it left Oakeley without an experienced partner. The forwards are good. Pillman is of course a certainty, the two Cantabs, Maynard and Greenwood, are worth their places in any team, Bull and Brunton are typical of all that is best in scrummaging, and Ritson caught the eye of the selectors. It is a good side and if it beats Wales at Twickenham on January 17, will win the triple crown. For the sake of reference I append the team:—

W. R. Johnston (Bristol); C. N. Lowe (Cambridge U.), F. C. Chapman (Hartlepool Rovers), R. W. Poulton (Liverpool), and J. H. D. Watson (Blackheath); G. W. Wood (Leicester) and F. M. Taylor (Leicester); C. H. Pillman (Blackheath), L. G. Brown (London Hospital), A. F. Maynard (Cambridge U), G. Ward (Leicester), J. E. Greenwood (Cambridge U.), J. A. S. Ritson (Northern), A. G. Bull (Northampton) and J. Brunton (North Durham).

THE ENGLISH CUP-TIES.

To-day (Saturday) the English Cup-ties interest practically all the big clubs in the country. It was interesting to note that the list was made up of twenty First League clubs, 19 from the Second League, 19 from the First Division of the Southern League, and six from outside associations. As the results will be in the hands of my readers practically with the issue of *Modern Life*, it will be well perhaps to leave the English Cup-ties and the prospects of the clubs to a later time when the issue has been somewhat narrowed down.

FINDING A "WHITE HOPE."

We are going on with the boxing boom and the endeavour to find a "White Hope," or rather an Englishman to lower the colours of Georges Carpentier, the young French wonder. Carpentier has another year to box before he enters the army for his three years' training, and we have

not long to spare if we are to find one good enough to meet him. Certainly the scheme of the *Daily Sketch* to hold novices' competitions throughout the country is a hopeless business. The *Daily Mirror* have been showing a lot of interest in the doings of Bandsman Blake, and last week when he fought the Dixie Kid at the ring printed no fewer than seventeen pictures of the fight.

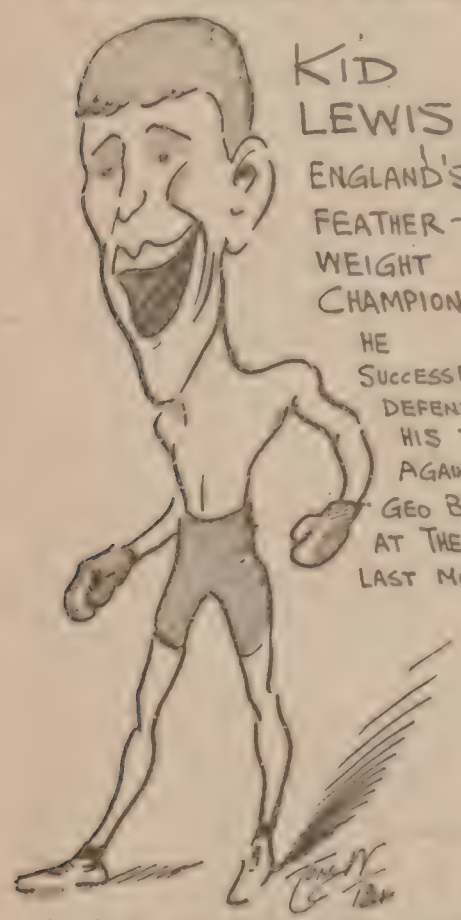
BLAKE'S CHANCE AGAINST WELLS.

Blake is a real good middleweight, probably the best in England, and perhaps the best we have seen for many long years. That has to be proved by results in contests with all the best men in England and abroad. He is certainly undefeated at present, but he is a *middleweight*, and too much emphasis cannot be laid on that word. In matching him with Billy Wells his supporters and backers are to my point of view flying at much higher game, and giving him a much harder task than if they had chosen Carpentier for his first big match.

However, before these lines appear it is quite probable the die will have been cast and the Blake-Wells match will have been made. Let us take a glance at what it means to Blake.

WHAT WELLS HAS DONE.

If he wins it will make him the best man in England in the eyes of the public, for it is generally conceded now that it was not the real Wells that cut such an inglorious figure against Carpentier at the National. But will he win? Dick Burge says Blake is one of those few men of a century who are impervious to battering, and whom it is almost impossible to knock out. So was Packy Mahoney of the cast iron jaw. But Wells broke Mahoney's jaw with a half-arm jab. So was Frank Storbeck, but Wells battered him so badly that he finished his career as a boxer, and Storbeck now feels the effects of his hammering. So was Ian Hague, but Wells smashed him with his hitting, and Private Joyles, one of the most promising of our light heavyweights, really hates the sight of a boxing glove since he had some of Wells's punches. Gunner Moir, Hawker Wilson, and Al. Palzer, who beat Wells, have none of them been the same since they met him, and it is this terrific puncher that Blake is to have his try out with. Is it good business?


KID LEWIS.
ENGLAND'S FEATHER-WEIGHT CHAMPION.
HE SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDED HIS TITLE AGAINST GEO BUSWELL AT THE RING LAST MONDAY.

A MAN WITH A PUNCH.

Blake is not a man with a big punch. The Dixie Kid, whose face was cut to ribbons, was the first to say so after his bout, and in that respect Wells will not be nervous as he was with Carpentier. Wells has the most terrific punch of any man breathing barring perhaps, Sam Langford, and he is quite as good a boxer as Blake, and has a stone and a half advantage in weight at least; and 3½ inches in height, and six or seven in reach. Wells is sure to punch Blake hard, and I do not agree with Burge when he says that Blake will stand it for seven or eight rounds and then wear the big fellow down. I am one who has not lost his faith in Wells, and I am certain if I could have the training of him for the three weeks prior to the fight, I could make him whip Carpentier or any white man we have yet seen.

AN ALL-ROUND ATHLETE.

Even then Wells is an athlete rather than a pugilist; indeed he is perhaps the best all-round athlete in the world today. He is a great boxer, almost a champion sprinter, a splendid footballer, probably good enough to get his £4 a week in any First League side, a capital cricketer, fine swimmer, walker, lawn tennis player, and sculler.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

MADAME MAUDE'S PATTERN

Famous Paris Models

1d. & 2d. ea

607. Very becoming Tweed Costume.

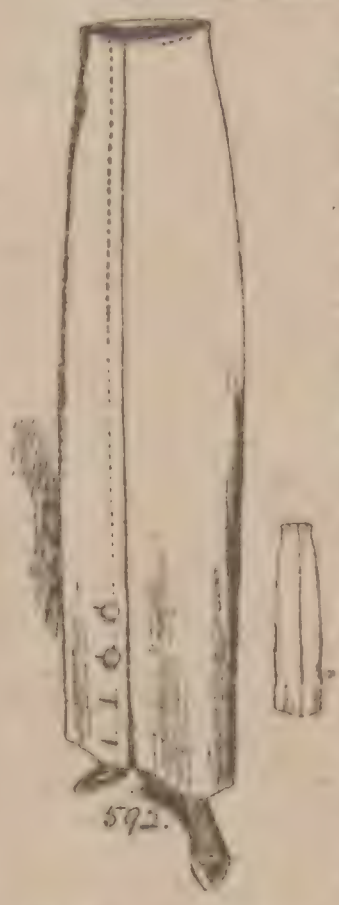
Why pay exorbitant prices for your patterns when you can get models just as reliable, and bearing the stamp of Paris smartness. Madame Maude's famous Paris patterns are well known in every household where home dressmaking is successfully carried on. We want every housewife in the United Kingdom to get acquainted with them, for we are convinced that when once they have used MADAME MAUDE'S PARIS PATTERNS they will never want to employ any others to make.

Here are a few examples of the exceedingly stylish models produced by Madame Maude:

607.—A becoming **Street Costume**—a thing for present wear. The coat falls well over the hips so as to show the lines of the wearer's figure, and the skirt is a comfortable walking length. Tweed is an excellent material for the development. **The Paper Pattern is 1d.**

158.—This **Raglan Blouse** is a great favourite with business girls, being at once neat and distinguished. It looks well in any of the regular blouse stuffs—flannel, wincey, casement cloth, print and so on. Either a plain coloured or fancy striped for preference—material may be used. **The pattern is 2d.**

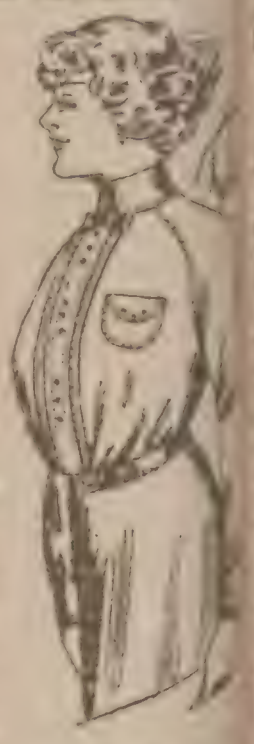
592.—Skirts of all the latest types are supplied by Madame Maude. This smart two-piece model is a good example. The lower portion of the front seam is closed with button and buttonhole, so that, when easier stepping room is required, one of the fashionable slits can be produced by simply undoing some or all of the buttons. **Paper Pattern 1d.**



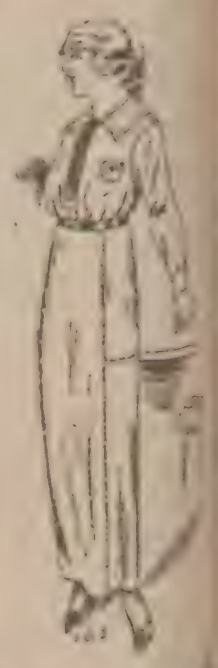
592. New two-piece Skirt.

No. 165.

Madame Maude has made the flapper a subject of her most careful study during the last few years, and there is no greater living authority on dressing girls of the difficult "between" ages in good taste. This dress is a typical example of her skill; it combines perfect simplicity with a strong element of style, and, when developed in the right material, of a colour suited to the wearer's complexion, nothing could be more pleasing. **Paper Pattern 2d.**



158. Smart Raglan B



165. Becoming Skirt Blouse for Flapper

You can obtain these patterns from your newsagent, or we shall be pleased to forward catalogue on receipt of penny stamp.

Publishers, MADAME MAUDE'S PAPER PATTERNS, 29, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.

THE OLD BORE'S ALMANACK.

[With genuflections to the master-prophets; including Moses, the Meteorological Office, Mr. H. G. Wells, the Journalistic racing-tipsters, and Mother Shipton, and deep reverence to all minor profits.]

This, the two hundred and eighty-third annual edition of "The Old Bore's Almanack," contains, as usual:—The Voice of the Stars, the Mysterious Whisperings of the Paddock, Tidal Constants, Prophetic Warnings, Post-Office Regulations, the Voice of Death, and all the Village and Hay-Fairs of England.

JANUARY.

Voice of the Stars:—"Have a drink" (Harry Lauder).

Predictions:—On the 5th, dividends are due at the Bank; on the 12th, the Hilarity Law Sittings begin, and during this month the German Emperor was born, and Guy Fawkes was dangled, so you see we are in for a gloomy time. Our hieroglyphic is perfectly obvious to all, and the meaning of the skin-clad lady standing on her head amidst the falling factory chimneys, while flying monkeys hover overhead, cannot be mistaken for anything else but the coming quarrel between two Cabinet Ministers.

The weather will be unusual.

Stock Exchange:—Rails will remain firm, but Aeroplanes go up, and spanners will come down.

Gardening:—Cocoanuts should be planted on the 17th.

FEBRUARY.

Voice of the Stars:—"Have another drink" (Harry Lauder).

Predictions:—In this month, Mars crosses Venus, and Quinquagesima Sunday occurs, so look out for pots of trouble. The blue bottle in our hieroglyphic shows that there may be some talk in the Houses of Parliament, and Lloyd George may say something, also that trouble is buzzing around Panama.

Stock Exchange:—Americas will jump.

The weather will be copious.

Now is the time to pull up your parsnips.

MARCH.

Voice of the Stars:—"No, really I can't stand the strain. All that I ask is love. Have one of my jokes instead—guaranteed forty years old." (R. G. Knowles to Harry Lauder).

Predictions.—March enters like a stormy lion and goes out like a lamb (frozen). Jupiter holds his own, but although March will not be quite such a bright month as preceding ones. Our engraving of a bird's nest in a tree (sorry, our artist has just 'phoned through to say that it represents a naval engagement), plainly suggests that an interesting event will occur on the twelfth. Outbreaks and eruptions will be general all over the world.

[Sullivan's Sulphur Ointment. Per Box, 2/3½ (solid ointment). With Ointment, 2/6.—Advt.]

The weather will be Summerlike, but the last two days may be dry.

Stock Exchange.—Hops will go down.

Root up your radishes now.

APRIL.

Voice of the Stars:—

"Quality not quantity." (Little Tich).

"Laugh and Grow Fat." (Barclay Gammon).

"No. Grow fat and get laughed at." (R. G. Knowles to B. Gammon).

Foul work will be germinating, and much deception will be practised in the early days of this month. The engraving of the frog in the motor-car driving over the edge of the precipice reminds us of "All Fools' Day," and the danger of sudden death which many of us will court. Astral truth compels us to state that the dots in the illustration represent the careless murders that will happen this month in the places where they may possibly occur. Hilarity Law Sittings end, and the weather will be bleak and windy. Great display of lingerie in Piccadilly Circus.

Go to "Chiffon and Headgear's" for openwork trousers. [Advt.]

Stock Exchange:—Tempers will rise (on the 1st) and Spirits will go down.

Now is the time to cover up your cucumbers.

JUNE.

Voice of the Stars:—

R. G. Knowles (talking to himself): "Heard of the man they wouldn't bury? No? Well, he wasn't dead."

Harry Lauder (sleepily): "Have another drink."

[Death of R. G. Knowles.]

Predictions:— The prophet has chosen a particularly depressing picture for this month, but the heaps of mangled bodies need no explanation whatever. Although Taurus butts Leo, there is a shaft of sunlight in the presence of the Twins, and it is believed that they predict that a K.C. will make a joke in Court, possibly two. About this time a certain daily paper will publish an untruth, and a well-known actor will buy a new light-coloured wig. Some startling and exciting news is likely to reach us from a country whose name begins with "A," either Africa, America, Australia, Asia, or 'Ampstead.

We may experience some more weather during the month.

"Gather your Gooseberries in the Gloaming."

(Francis, Day and Hunter's latest success. Price, 1/4).

Stock Exchange:—Eggs will go up.

AUGUST.

Voice of the Stars:—Gaby Deslys (to the sound of splitting tights). "Every little rip helps."

Predictions.—Black thunderclouds and startling revelations mark this month. Many people will leave home and will be found at the sea-side. A curate will be seen to enter a music hall, and a bishop will be unfrocked for receiving money as a sermon-making turn at the Hippodrome. Lloyd George will attempt to ruin the country, and Bonar Law will sacrifice himself to save it, and vice versâ, and a General Election will occur.

Stock Exchange:—Eggs will come down.

Gardening:—Reap in your roses and rhubarb.

NOVEMBER.

Voice of the Stars:—Harry Lauder (sings brokenly):

"'Champagne Charlie' is my name."

Predictions:—Oh! Look at our hieroglyph. Somebody is in for a murky time; what with the scare-crow, the fighting cats, and those manacled skeletons on dead horses. Fires will blaze throughout the land somewhere about the first week, and a certain section of the community will be blamed, (No, you are wrong), but they will be innocent. An effigy of Mr. (insert your own choice) will be burnt.

The weather will not be quite so bright as in previous months, in fact, Old Bore predicts a particularly dirty November.

Stock Exchange:—Rockets will go up.

Gardening:—Sprinkle your sprouts and pull your potatoes.

DECEMBER.

Voice of the Stars:—Harry Lauder (weeping and singing): "I'm One of the Boys."

Grand Swelling Chorus: "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Predictions:—Cancer has a bite at Venus, so what can you expect? Wrecks (human), fires (snapdragon), and general and severe illness will rage round the world. The festival of Christmas occurs about this time, and shortly after we begin all over again.

The weather will be rotten.

Stock Exchange:—Turkeys will go down and come up again.

Gardening:—Mind your mangolds and watch your wurzels.

TRY YOUR SKILL IN OUR NEW

£4

A WEEK FOR LIFE

COMPETITION.

£4 a week for life is what we are offering in connection with our Sixth Football Competition. On the back page of this issue is one of our sixth football competition coupons containing a list of twenty matches to be played on Saturday, Feb. 7th, 1914. One of these correctly filled in will carry off our "£4 a week for life" prize. In addition, we offer 10s. a week for twelve months to the nearest correct, and 5s. a week for twelve months to the newsagent whose name and address appear on the coupon which is successful in securing our first prize. The coupon will also appear in our issues dated Jan. 24th, 31st, and Feb. 7th.

YOU MAY SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

CLOSING DATE:—

(First Post) FRIDAY, FEB. 6th.

Further particulars on back page.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

New York has started setting the pace for a more cheerful time in the Stock Markets.

* * *

Yankees have been quite buoyant in places, with Union Pacifics a feature on rumour of their Baltimore and Ohio Railway holdings being distributed among the shareholders, equalling a 33 per cent. bonus in stock and 3 per cent. in cash, and the dividend to be reduced from 10 per cent. to 8 per cent. Unions have jumped to over $163.

* * *

Eries should certain prove a good deal for the small speculator. The common stock of this line now stands at $29. Last year it was as high as $39, and it is quite on the cards that you will see it well over $30 in the next month

* * *

Interest in the Mining Markets is mainly centred in the Russian group, in which speculative activity has now assumed very considerable proportions. I am told it is all professional, and therefore I can express no opinion at the moment.

* * *

Brazilian Common shares have fallen very low, but I venture to think they would prove a good speculation at the present price for a quick profit.

* * *

Mexican Rails, which were knocked out last week, now show signs of improvement, and the Second Pref. at anything in the neighbourhood of the present price must prove in due course a very profitable speculative investment.

* * *

We are at last seeing signs of life in the Home Railway Market, professionals being tempted to lay in a little stock in anticipation of the public being tempted to buy before the half-yearly dividends are announced. Prices all round being so low they quickly respond to any applications for stock.

* * *

Canadian Pacifics have steadied and at round about $216 might prove a profitable speculation, but only for those with plenty of money in their pocket.

* * *

Grand Trunk Railway Stock was well hammered on the poor return issued some days ago, but I am satisfied that the Third Preference is always worth purchasing whenever obtainable under £50. You can buy now at £49.

* * *

Among Industrials Aerated Bread are still very much in favour. but Lipton's suffered a severe relapse, the price dropping to 15s.

* * *

The cycle and motor-car market has continued to enjoy a buoyant time, the shares going ahead with renewed vigour.

* * *

The highest priced issues are still the cheapest, for the reason that they relate to companies whose order books are well filled for a considerable distance ahead.

* * *

It is, however, a query whether many shares have not now reached a level which is high enough for the present, as it is anticipated with some centres that working expenses this year have advanced in nearly every department.

* * *

A stronger tone has been maintained in the Rubber market, but I cannot see anything here worth recommending to my readers, and we are not likely to see any permanent improvement until the price of rubber is higher.

* * *

Venezuelan Oil Concessions have advanced sharply on favourable reports to hand, otherwise little is doing, Shells being about equal with Spies and North Caucasians slightly lower.

* * *

As one or two more bucket shops are again on the war path, I warn readers to have nothing whatever to do with these circularising firms, as they are certain to lose their money.

Any reader requiring advice how to buy or sell shares or requiring the name of a stockbroker, should write to me.

* * *

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

I quote below my usual list of first-class investments which are all strict trustee securities, and give extraordinary yields for such high-class investments.

		£ s. d.	
Metropolitan Water Board B Stock	75	£4 1 6	per cent.
Canada Government 4 per cent. Loan	96¾	£4 3 9	per cent.
Great Eastern Railway 4 per cent. Guaranteed Stock ...	94½	£4 6 3	per cent.
Caledonian Railway 4 per cent. Preference Stock	92¾	£4 7 9	per cent.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

Speculator.—I have no information regarding Russian Shares, so cannot advise you to buy at present. I am inclined to think it is merely a professional gamble.

Innocent.—You would be well advised to deal through a reliable Member of the Stock Exchange.

F.R., Harrow.—Great Northern Deferred are worth buying at the increased price, and of the others I should say Brighton Deferred, or South Eastern Deferred. Little Chats are a gamble, but they may go better.

H.E., Brighton.—I am afraid you have lost your money, but I will make full enquiries and write you in a few days.

D.S., Liverpool.—If you will send me a list of your investments I will advise you which to sell.

A.D., Bristol.—I do not advise you to invest or speculate in Rubber as the prospects are not ripe. Either go in for one or two good Industrials, or if you want to speculate where prices may quickly appreciate, then perhaps you had better turn your attention to the Oil market.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.
(45th Edition, 1914).
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.
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How to save Brokers' Commissions; Stock Exchange Dealings carefully explained; also "Put" and "Call" Options with Highest and Lowest Prices. Free from Publishers: JOHN HARRISON and Co., 60, Moorgate St., Bank, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Moustaches Forced on Smoothest Face. Trial supply, 6d. Immediate results. Particulars, 1d. stamp.—Scientific Chemical (138) Co., 19, Bride Lane, London.

Develop Your Will-Power, Concentration, and Memory. "The St. Settef Course." *Modern Life* says: "We cordially recommend this admirable system." Complete Course (four lessons), 2s. 6d. Particulars free. St. Settef Institute (Dept. M), Perth, N.B.

EVERY SMOKER would save money by writing for our Liberal Introductory Packages Free. Empire Tobacco Co., 10, South Street, London.

DRESSMAKER (French) who has a good connection, desires a partner with small capital. The present income from the business is substantial and could be considerably increased with a little capital. Write Box 1,000 *Modern Life*, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A.D. 1953.

he Speaker took the chair at a quarter before six o'clock.
Miss Wilson (Muddlegate) asked the Prime Minister if had seen the latest—a perfect duck of an opera cloak ed with sky-blue satin daintily trimmed and inlaid with k insertion, and if she contemplated purchasing.
Mrs. Clatrap: Yes and No. (Ministerial cheers.)
Miss Floribel Clatrap (Cork: Opp.): Look here, mother, t up and do talk sense.
he Prime Minister: Just wait till you get home, my

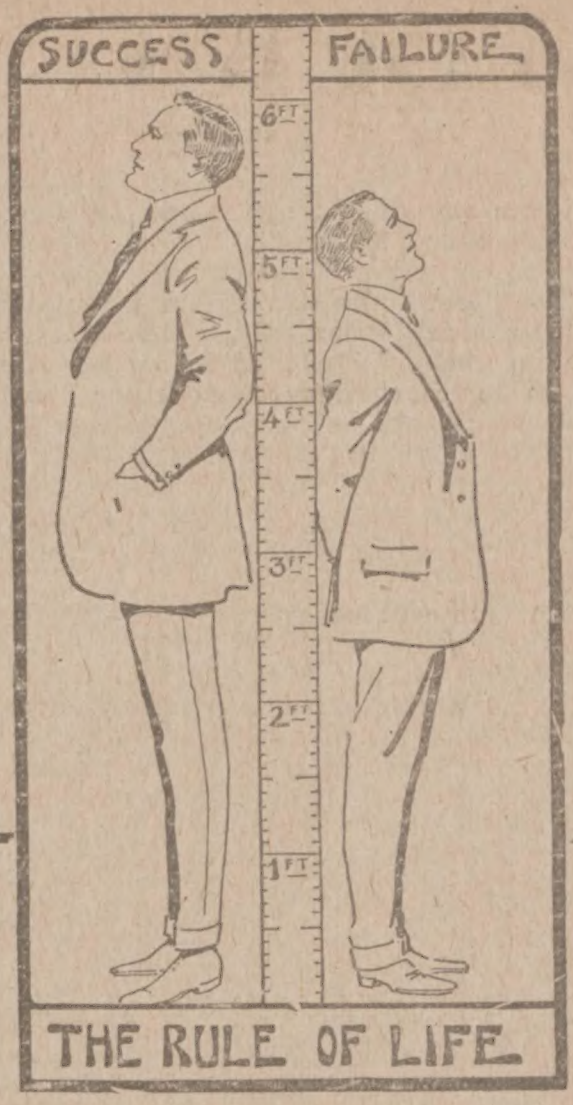
Miss Wilson asked if the right hon. lady would reply sibly to her question, and was curious as to whether (the right hon. lady) was endeavouring to make a fool her.

Mrs. Clatrap informed the hon. member for Muddlegate t she never attempted impossibilities, and that with ard to the first part of the question, she had already e so.

Miss Wilson, though deeply grieved at the onerous duty ust upon her, considered it her place to suggest to the use that the Prime Minister was a liar. (Loud cheers; es of "No, no," and "Hear, hear.")
he Prime Minister informed the right hon. member for ddlegate that if she had any cast-off clothing to dis- e of, she (the Prime Minister) did not consider it *comme aut* to use the House of Commons as a market-place. They been placed there by an intelligent public, whose good y should all have at heart. (Cheers.)
Mrs. Jameson, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, asked Secretary for Foreign Affairs if she was aware that ds of mice inhabited the House. No, the right hon. y was *not* reflecting on the courage of the Opposition, that only yesterday she had perceived one, rampant, the Treasury Bench, and she was desirous of discover- if she was empowered to apply for estimates for a ntity of Keatings' Soap, which would not wash clothes, was exceedingly disastrous to the health of Bugs, as, Mice, and Beetles.
he Secretary for Foreign Affairs, about to reply, was errupted by——
Miss Bonton, of Footle, who stated that she would like know if Sybil Green was to be allowed to criticise her hat with impunity, and asked if the House was aware t Sybil Green's mother had been a charwoman, and ded that she would scratch the right hon. lady's eyes , the saucy hussy. (Opposition cheers.)
he Speaker: Order, order.
Miss Bonton wanted to know if the Speaker knew who was talking to, and if she valued her life. And in- med the House that she was a lady (laughter) and that en she got the vote she never for one instant thought would be required to associate with sich low, common ple.
Miss Wilson then left the House amid Ministerial ers.
he right hon. member for Clapham wanted to know if right hon. ladies on the Front Bench would mind fting along a bit whilst she moved her feet.
he Opposition (with one voice): The answer is in the rmative.
Miss Clatrap then introduced the Disfranchisement of omen Bill, and said that she, for one, was heartily fed with governing the country; she was caricatured every ek in *Punch*, which was bad enough, but what was rse, she had never time to keep an eye on her husband, flighty mortal. There were those in the House, she ew, who had not a husband to keep an eye on. More s the pity. A husband was a nuisance, but no husband s a curse, and for her part, had she none, whilst there nained an unmarried man in the United Kingdom, and e in her body, she would never despair—never, never, ver.
he House was moved to tears, but the right hon. mber for Peebles was observed to give the glad eye to reporter in the Gallery.
he House then divided and there voted:—

For the Bill	597
Against	1
Majority for	596

he lady who voted against, it is said, has been offered 00 per week to appear at the Palace.



It does not seem fair that a short man should have fewer opportunities of succeeding than a tall man, but it is a fact.

There are many things in life that do not seem fair. It is useless for us to grumble about them. What we have to do is to remedy matters as far as we can.

If a man sits down and grumbles because he is short, he is wasting time. What he ought to do is to increase his height.

This **can** be done by my system. The testimonials I am constantly receiving from my students prove it.

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

Lance-cpl. F. C. Y. (Chatham) writes: "Am truly astonished and delighted with the result, which is this—a gain of one inch in a month. This I consider remarkable, and a splendid testimony to the efficacy and value of your system and the exercises which you prescribed for me, taking into consideration the fact that I have been in the army some time, and a considerable time having elapsed since I completed all drill and gymnastics as a recruit."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes; "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2¼ inches."

Such testimony counts for more than any general assertions that I could make. The full names and addresses of these and many other students who heartily recommend my system will be sent to all interested readers. Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,
Specialist in the Increase of Height,
Dept. M, 17, Stroud Green Road, LONDON, N.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

Mr. Sam Darling, one of the most famous trainers in the country, has retired from that profession, and has turned Beckhampton House and the stables over to his son Fred. Sam Darling is universally respected in racing circles, and he has followed his calling, at which he was quite in the leading flight, since 1866. It is gratifying to hear he will not lose touch with the game at which he has been so successful for so many years, and that his experience and exceptional knowledge will be at the disposal of his successor. Darling will still carry on the 1,200 acres of land which he has farmed at Beckhampton.

Sam Darling has had a most interesting career. Born in 1852, he started in the business as an apprentice to the late E. Weever, at Bourton-on-the-Hill, in Gloucestershire. For some years he was a jockey on the flat, and then became a tenant of the Earl of Coventry, in Worcestershire, and bought many horses himself, which he trained and rode in hurdle races and steeplechases. He afterwards went to Heddington, in Wilts, and trained some winners on the flat. In 1882 he purchased the Beckhampton property.

Perhaps Darling's greatest training successes date from the time when he entered into partnership with Captain J. H. Greer. Among the good horses they owned were Wildfowler, Kilrock, Good Morning, and Bittern, the former winning the Doncaster St. Leger in 1898. Some years later, Darling trained Slieve Gallion for Captain Greer, that brilliant horse winning the Two Thousand Guineas in 1907. Of course, the two most famous of the many great horses that hailed from Beckhampton were Galtee More and Ard Patrick. As is well known, both won the Derby, and the former also secured the Two Thousand Guineas and St. Leger. One could fill a volume with the doings of these two great horses. Galtee More, after his racing career, was sold to Russia for 20,000 guineas, and Ard Patrick brought a similar figure when purchased for Germany. Altogether there are scores of horses that Darling handled with distinction, the most notable of the past few years being Willonyx, who [illegible] up new records by winning the Chester Cup, the [illegible] Stakes, and the Ascot Gold Cup, and then was the [illegible] of another magnificent record when carrying 9st. 5lb. victory in the Cesarewitch in 1911.

Fred Darling, the new master, has had a long experi[illegible] in his profession. He gained several successes in [illegible] country a few years ago, winning the Cesarewitch [illegible] Lady de Bathe's Yentoi. Afterwards, he acted as pri[illegible] trainer to the Messrs. Weinberg in Germany, and [illegible] over £50,000 in stake money for them in a couple [illegible] seasons. When his father's health became indiffe[illegible] last summer, he practically took charge of the Beckh[illegible] ton horses. He thoroughly knows his business, and [illegible] sportsmen wish him every success.

M. Michel Ephrussi, whose death was rece[illegible] announced, was one of the most prominent owners [illegible] France, and he won the French Derby and Grand [illegible] de Paris in 1905 with Finnasseur, who was a smash[illegible] performer. M. Ephrussi's brother Maurice owned [illegible] when he won the Lincolnshire Handicap in succes[illegible] years.

Another curtailed card is down for decision next w[illegible] when Wednesday and Thursday are blank days, [illegible] from the unimportant Tenby fixture. Birming[illegible] occupies Monday and Tuesday, and Hurst Park, Fri[illegible] and Saturday.

The Packington Maiden Steeplechase at Birming[illegible] on Monday may fall to Good Business; the Staffords[illegible] Handicap Hurdle to Cannock Lass; and the Ma[illegible] Four Year Old Hurdle to Masindi. On Tuesday, Ball[illegible] should take the Maiden Hurdle; Rory O'More the Sta[illegible] Steeplechase; and E. R., the Birmingham Selling Stee[illegible] chase.

At Hurst Park on Friday, the New Year Handi[illegible] Hurdle may be won by Moscato; the Surbiton Handi[illegible] Steeplechase by Agnes M, and the Novices Steeplechase [illegible] Minstrel Park. On the concluding day Thelma's Ama[illegible] looks good business for the Weir Selling Hurdle. Ebony[illegible] for the Middlesex Handicap Steeplechase, and Grey [illegible] IV. for the Richmond Selling Steeplechase.

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French, German or Spanish?

It is so easy by

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PRIVATE LESSONS from 3/- an hour, according to number of lessons taken.

Hugo's Language Institute (Established 40 Years.) 64 & 66, OXFORD St., W. 33, GRACECHURCH St., E.C. 203, Earl's Court Rd., S.W.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Last week I had something to say as to what one should do in the matter of dress clothes, but I suppose it is equally important to know what *not* to do, and here is Robert Hichens's sketch of one of the characters in "Felix" seated at dinner:—

"In a glistening suit of broadcloth with a ribbed shirt front and a made-up tie. From his ill-fitting waistcoat escaped the end of a voluminous red silk pocket-handkerchief. His shirt cuffs were fastened with large metal buttons on which appeared Britannia's head."

* * *

Let me elaborate the points in the above description. An evening dress suit should not glisten, the cloth should be dull surfaced, and of a soft yielding material, not of the broadcloth type.

* * *

The ribbed shirt front is now extinct and the soft pleated ditto is to-day doubtful taste. The plain white evening dress shirt holds the field. The made-up tie, of course, is totally wrong.

* * *

Obviously the waistcoat should not be ill-fitting, but the pocket-handkerchief should not have "escaped from the waistcoat." It should have been in his pocket where, judging from its name, it was intended to be. Whether the handkerchief is red or write it is a vulgarism to carry it tucked into the waistcoat, and of course the red 'kerchief was "too utterly utter."

* * *

Finally, the links in cuffs should be neat and unobtrusive, even if expensive.

* * *

I see many youngsters affecting the handkerchief up the left sleeve racket, but I think it very silly. This is of course taken from the officer who in uniform finds the sleeve a convenient and get-at-able receptacle for his vacuum cleaner. But a man, whether officer or civilian, with a pocket handy, need not carry this domestic appliance up his sleeve. Besides, in the civilian, it looks like an attempt to ape the officer in mufti.

* * *

Modern Life travels far. I have a letter from an Army man stationed in Sierra Leone asking where he can get the Irish cloth, thick, soft, light, and extraordinarily warm, which I referred to some months ago when discoursing upon overcoats for the then oncoming winter. I have written giving him the desired information.

* * *

By the way, I have recently seen this cloth, originally intended for overcoats, put to another use. A man determined to defy all winter weather ordered and had made from it a lounge coat and vest! Both coat and vest were cut to button close up at neck. The vest was the same, Elderdon back and front, and the back longer than the front, so that it dropped well over the loins.

* * *

I should have rather expected a clumsy effect from this, but it was not so. The coat and vest looked quite neat and smart, and the comfort and warmth must be immense.

* * *

C. T. (Altrincham), writes me to say that he is about to embark upon the purchase of a dress suit, and asks me how I would advise him to get it made. I reply "by a good tailor."

* * *

The fact is that the important point about a dress suit is not the fit, but the style. I very seldom see an ill-fitting dress suit, but I see heaps of them of atrocious style.

* * *

The building of a fitting dress suit for a decently built man is an easy job for even the medium tailor. It is only a case of moulding cloth closely to a set figure, and this is not difficult from a tailoring point of view. It is the style that matters.

* * *

The London tailor, from the fairly good up to the best, is making dress suits every day, a good proportion of these for men who know and want the latest and best. The provincial tailor makes them once in a while.

* * *

I am inclined to think that the man in the provinces, who can have taken for him reasonably accurate measurements, following on chart sent him, would have quite as good a fitting suit and an immensely better style suit having it made by a good London tailor than he would ordering locally.

* * *

I speak, of course, on the average. I know some first-rate tailors in the provinces, but on the whole it is a fact that the tip-top man finds his way to London.

* * *

Captain Saunders will be pleased to answer in this column questions concerning any problem of dress. Readers requiring a prompt reply should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

FOOTBALL COMPETITION No. 4.

RESULT.

The stress of work which invariably precedes the Christmas holiday in a newspaper office has caused some little delay in announcing the result of our Fourth Football Competition. We are, however, now able to state that no competitors succeeded in giving the correct results of the twenty matches named on the coupon. The best coupon gave 15 correct results, but as name and address of the sender were not filled in the coupon is disqualified and the consolation prize of 10/- per week for twelve months is divided between three competitors who each gave 14 correct results. The names are:—

J. GRIFFITHS,
32, Norbiton Avenue, Kingston;
GEO. C. ROCHE,
Quayside, Bittern Manor, Hants;
and
M. R. THORNE,
Westbury House, Gilfach Goch, South Wales.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of copying drawings which have appeared in this journal, we find it necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures which may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the source of which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in MODERN LIFE are original and drawn specially for this paper. Copyists who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so at their own peril. The originals of sketches which have appeared in these pages are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

You cannot hold your own in life's battle if weak, worn, or easily jaded. Periodical attacks of moodiness, languor, despondency, depression, and groundless fears mean nerve troubles, and lead to brain fag, impaired memory, and unfits one for study, business or pleasure, those so troubled should send a post card to the Useful Knowledge Publishing Co., P.O. Box 94, Bradford, and a little book on this subject will be sent post paid and free of any charge whatsoever. Hundreds by following its teachings have remedied their trouble, thousands who ailed nothing have expressed their gratitude for the knowledge and similar letters arrive by almost every post.

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If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY, and you feel weak, worn out, or jaded, send 4d. for my book, "Nervous Breakdowns," and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess. Thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."

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Address—CHARLES GORDON,
No. 24, GORDONHOLME DISPENSARY, BRADFORD, Yorks.
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Our New Competition! £4 a Week for LIFE.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN IT.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, Feb. 7th, 1914, and for the first prize of £4 a week for life you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £4 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasions or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

Conditions Governing the Competition.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, February 7th, 1914. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to "Modern Life," No. 6 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, February 6th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £4 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £4 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 6

Matches to be played on Saturday, February 7th, 1914. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BURNLEY	v. OLDHAM ATHLETIC
DERBY COUNTY	v. BLACKBURN
ASTON VILLA	v. WEST BROMWICH
NEWCASTLE	v. BOLTON
TOTTENHAM	v. MANCHESTER UNITED
PRESTON	v. CHELSEA
MANCHESTER CITY	v. BRADFORD CITY
BURY	v. WOOLWICH
FULHAM	v. STOCKPORT
HULL	v. BIRMINGHAM
BRADFORD	v. GLOSSOP
BARNSLEY	v. GRIMSBY
LEICESTER	v. LEEDS
NOTTS COUNTY	v. CLAPTON
CARDIFF	v. COVENTRY
MILLWALL	v. NORWICH
SWINDON	v. CRYSTAL PALACE
EXETER CITY	v. WATFORD
MERTHYR	v. SOUTHAMPTON
WEST HAM	v. PLYMOUTH

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

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